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ALASKAN IMPLEMENTS AND CURIOS.

BY PALMER HENDERSON.

Surely there is no more interesting study, none more fruitful in other fields besides its own, than that of ethnology. It gives one broader views of people and things, makes clear many a mystery and unsuspected relation, and opens into a world of new ideas. "But the world do move," and with it we, the specks on its whirling surface; small time have most of us for work along ethnological lines. However, we may read what others have discovered, and once in a lifetime, perhaps, such an opportunity as that presented by the art department of this year's Minneapolis Exposition presents itself, to fit into what we know and to teach more. The whole lower floor, eight galleries, is devoted entirely to the pottery, textiles, implements, weapons, etc., of various primitive American races. Beginning with the pre-historic Cliffdwellers, whose mummied bodies are there exhibited, bodies from whom, say the wise, the breath departed 10,000 years ago, one passes to a large gallery devoted to a wonderful collection of their belongings. Another is devoted to the civilization of modern Navajos, especially to their barbaric blankets for rugs and hangings, of which there are something like fifty, and to the Ute curios; still another to those of the Sioux, Chippewas and other tribes. But look about this large gallery devoted entirely to the weird and meaning belongings of the Alaskans. This is said to be the best collection of them ever made, and was gathered by a Mr. Healey who has lived for years in Alaska, traveled much into the almost unknown interior, and who is the adopted chief of the most warlike of the tribes, the Chilcats. It was because of this that he obtained many of their sacred articles. Mr. Healey is now in Alaska and his collection is exhibited for the first time. There is scarcely a side of the lives of the strange Indians of the extreme Northwest which is not touched upon in this fascinating exhibition.

Among the most interesting curios are those which compose an Alaskan medicine man's outfit. You must know that when a man feels that he is to become a medicine man, he goes far apart into the woods and there fasts until he is fairly spent in order that the familiar spirit which is to hereafter abide with him may appear. If successful, some unknown animal appears before him. This he kills by magic and eats. The skin is carefully preserved by him as

his certificate of character as a genuine medicine man; a sort of diploma allowing him to practice. Of course the skin is a most precious possession, seldom, if ever, parted with, so that it is a rare opportunity to see one. The one in this collection was given to Mrs. Healey by Skundoo, the red-headed medicine man of the Chilcats. This is the only one ever known to have been parted with to a white. It is a queer looking skin, and the strange part of it is that no one seems to know what the animal was.

The fur is bright orange, the body was evidently very long and as small around as a cat's, the head is wide and flat, the tail something like a fox's. To some medicine men the supernatural river-otter appears, whereupon it is killed and the tongue torn out to be worn in a bag at the neck, thus enabling the medicine man to understand the speech of all animals and birds, of inanimate things and of spirits. By the way, the strange carvings with which the Alaskans always decorate everything they handle are not mere ornaments—each has its meaning. For instance, the most common, a man with tongue out, touching the tongue of some beast or reptile, signifies that the man is absorbing by touch of tongues, which the Alaskans consider the seat of life and death, the desired property of the lower beast. The medicine man obtains from the otter power to communicate with all nature; from the frog the poison attributed to that animal or the power to injure enemies, etc. In their carvings the tongue expresses much. If it hangs limply from the corner of the mouth, it expresses death or the approach of it. Among the old Alaskans, it is even yet customary for a woman desiring vigorous offspring to hold her husband's tongue between her lips during the generative act. Hence comes the reproach that men with childless wives are "short-tongued." You will note in examining the masks which are so horrible and diverse that the tongues are very expressive.

In this collection are to be seen many rare specimens of a medicine man's outfit worn while exercising evil spirits, invoking good, perform-

ing incantations over the sick, etc. There are those of each kind; viz, those worn over the face, those worn above it in the head-dress, and tiny ones held in the hand. Here is one worn in propitiating a whale spirit. It is of wood brightly carved, has a rope fringe for the whale's tail and a piece of white cloth a yard long run through with eagle feathers. I take that to mean that the whale is even greater than the great



TOTEM.

"thunder-bird." Another is the strangest of faces, tongue protruding, fantastically painted. Four feathers stand up in front and the back is a fur hat from which hang a score or more of tiny braids of very long brown hair. Here is one whereon spreads an infernal grin of which I dreamed the first night I saw it. Across the brow and about the mouth is coarse black hair, pegged in like a scrubbing brush's bristles. The teeth add to its maliciousness and a head-dress of eagle feathers crowns the beauty. Some masks were made to terrify people, and this grinning one of red and white with its hideous red ears, lips and nostrils, was evidently one of them. It shows its huge teeth, locks of black hair hang over the forehead and it has thongs in the ears with which to bind it over the dancer's face; but here's another very good natured one with a long nose and frogs carved on the jaws as if they tempted him to absorb their evil. Here are two worn to exorcise evil women's spirits. One of them wears a suffering expression. The white of the wood is painted red and malachite green and the teeth are bits of green iridescent shell. The other is a very rare one loaned by the writer; there is probably not another like it in existence. The face is streaked with red and black paint and a bit of wood is thrust through the under lip. This is the "labret," of which more further on. And there are other masks which are intensely interesting.

In their dances the medicine men wear nothing but masks, girdles and necklaces, carrying batons and rattles. Their skirts are curious; several are in the collection. Here is one of buckskin, trimmed with "ew claws," the seemingly useless ones at the back, and porcupine quills. The doctor's story is traced in the figures traced by burning on the buckskin. This is to be worn upon occasions requiring great exertion and endurance; there is therefore nothing superfluous about it. It is perhaps 6x12 inches and is the only article of dress worn. Here is one even more curious. It is spun and woven by hand from the wool of the mountain goat, made up with cedar bark trimmed with buckskin and dew-claws taken, to make them still more efficacious, from unborn animals—moose or caribou. The figures represent the spirit invoked. This girdle marked A "25" is very old, of weaving and spinning so fine that the art is unknown by the present generation. It, too, is trimmed with dew claws. An eagle's breast is another thing sometimes donned by the red-headed doctor to drive away evil spirits and which Mrs. Healey lured from him.

Some head-dresses belonging to the medicine men have no masks. This is an odd one, a sort of round cap of felt entirely covered with parrots' beaks and top-knots. These came from Japan and were obtained by the coast Indians. There are two head-dresses of goats' horns strung top and bottom on two strings; one has the bottoms carved into heads. The queerest is a large basket-like cap woven of eagle's quills and porcupines', trimmed at the top with buckskin and finished with a wolverine tail. These are all peculiarly sacred.

Necklaces are no mean part of the medicine man's outfit—it seems a pure case of "shirt collar and a pair of spurs." There are several wonderful ones which would make magnificent wall ornaments if only they were for sale. This is particularly rare and very old. See what a suffering face; it is really pathetic and its open mouth seems gasping for breath. It is carved upon the rough surface of a whale's bone and hung about with richly colored old ivory overhung with rings of the same and a medallion. The workmanship is really remarkable. The same may be said of another with a strange face and set teeth. The broad pieces of ivory which hang from it are carved and interspersed with ivory tusks. There are also parrot beaks and bits of metal.



INDIAN WOMEN OF SITKA.

These necklaces are very heavy and would cover the breast. There are others as curious but not so elaborate; one has the ivory hung with all sorts of curious bits of shell and metal. Now the medicine man wears girdle, mask, head-dress and necklace, he must select a baton from one of these huge bits of carved wood. One represents a mosquito bill and is perhaps three feet long. The handle is a man smiling grimly. They say the Alaskan mosquitoes far out-shine those of New Jersey. If so, no wonder the artist carved with so much spirit. They also say no man is a true artist till he has suffered. Here's another curious one representing, in gaudily painted carving, a water spirit caught by an eagle. The water spirit represents a fish unknown to the Indians. A third baton tells eloquently of the dreadful treatment accorded witches. The han-

dle is a woman with her head drawn back till it rests on her back and fastened to her wrists bound behind her. Her drawn face well illustrates the skill of the Alaskans. Her eyes are of shell. A shackle of iron ornamented in the same way used in this torture, is also in the collection. This baton has frogs carved all down the stick—expressive, I suppose, of the witch's wickedness and power to harm and hoodoo. What strange connection is there between the Salemites, the darkies of the South, some Twin City-ites and the Alaskans?

The medicine man carries a rattle with which to attract the attention of the gods or spirits he invokes. One of these, "A 28," is the only one of the kind ever seen, a very fine carving of a waterfowl with legs of fur. It is entirely covered with carvings of water deities, which are supposed to care for the spirits of the drowned. A naked man is represented upon the breast, probably one of the unfortunates. This rattle is very old. Another represents hands holding something, the fingers touching; the inevitable face appears at the side. Evidently the Alaskans never heard of the command, "Make no likeness of anything that is in the"—etc.

There is also in this collection a large and curious drum carried by the medicine man. It is of skin stretched over but one side and fantastically painted. And there are charm bags in which the doctor carries his various mascottes or hoodoos, this lynx foot or this fox foot, for all the world as if he were no more civilized than an American gambler, or these curious ivory charms. "A 29 and 30" are such. The male figure represents man springing from the whale, and the female as woman originating in the wolf and herself giving birth to a child. These are their representation of the creation. These charms are held very sacred, are rare, and obtained with the greatest difficulty. Here is another carved from caribou horn, representing the hook-bill salmon from which one of the interior tribes considers itself sprung; and this grizzly bear charm represents the origin of another tribe. By noting the totems carved upon various things, notably spoon handles, one can tell what tribe did the work. Their totem is really the family tree and coat-of-arms, and many Americans who ridicule

these totems would do well to remember that they are at least ancient and genuine and belong to the families who use them. A very curious charm is "C 5." It is carved in caribou horn and represents a human being crushed by an evil spirit and whose life blood is being sucked by the demon. This charm is loaned by the medicine man to his patients to be worn over the afflicted spots for the cure of pain, just as—so you need not laugh—many civilized people are wearing medals and amulets to-day.

That part of this wonderful collection which is marked "D" is extremely curious. No. 1 is the witch shackle referred to and shown in the witch baton, "A 10." The suspected woman has her hair braided in numerous small braids and fastened to this shackle, which is then fastened to the bound wrists, the hands being brought behind.

You can imagine the terrible torture of being thus doubled together backwards. The accused sometimes suicide by struggling till the veins of the wrists are cut. This shackle is made from the metal of a gun barrel. The next thing is a pair of bear ears, fringed with hair, which were worn over the ears by an Indian who murdered the Chilkoot chief when the former was executed in 1888. It seems that when a murder is committed, the guilty man must be seized by his friends, painted, and this curious brand of Cain put upon his head. Then the man walks out, singing his war song and daring the friends of the dead to kill him, which they do. If his friends will not commit him to the murdered man's vengeance, the friends of the victim swear a vendetta against the assassin and also his tribe. "D 3" recalls a curious custom of the Alaskans: when a man of consequence dies, he is cremated and his ashes are put into a small box. This box is placed in a chest with valuable totem blankets, such as may be seen in this collection, in number corresponding to the rank of the deceased, and laid upon the box. Then his friends of foreign tribes, as at the ancient Grecian funeral games, contest for possession and cut off with their knives any portion of the blankets they may be able to seize, as tokens of remembrance, just as

the Hollanders even yet present silver spoons to those invited to the funeral of a rich man. In all nations and in all times, the proud cannot brook becoming nothing even in death. This pocket was made from a piece so obtained at the grave of Chief Shotrich.

Among articles marked "F" are some which eloquently plead for this great country's strongly delayed protection to the women of Alaska. When girls reach the age of puberty, they are placed in a very small, secluded

room, sometimes outhouse, and there remain from six months to as much longer as their social condition dictates. Among "the 400," this is sometimes two years, or until they marry. During all this time, they must never touch their flesh with their hands for fear it will soften. These bones, then (F 16) are used to scratch themselves with, and these bone tubes to drink through that their lips may not be defiled. When they enter this dreary seclusion, each wears a necklace such as that marked "18." They are very odd, made of strips of leather, ending in bits of metal, bone, tufts of feathers, old buttons, ivory, sticks, seemingly everything that littered up. One has curious bits of dark wood, each ending in a foot. The significance of all this escapes me, though I suppose it means that she must be swift to serve, to carve, to—to be domestic. These necklaces are worn as long as the girls remain virgins, which, poor things, is not long after they emerge from their retirement. After that, no protection is offered them by anybody and pleading will not gain it. They are at the mercy of any man who chooses to attack them. The Russians made religion only more hideous to them by first baptizing the unfortunate girls that their lust might not be contaminated by paganism! No wonder "Jesus wept." It is strange that such people as



MASK OF MEDICINE MAN WORN DURING INCANTATIONS.

the ribald Alaskans have love songs as beautiful and poetic as this called—

OKANITOO, (LITTLE WOMAN).

"Oh! Okanitoo! This I'll do
To win your noble heart;
In command of a magic wand
I'll cleave the mountains apart.
There, below the surface of snow,*
A hut I'll build of the rarest guild.
Where love may ever abound.

On wings I'll rise to the leaden skies
And drag the Aurora down,
Its trembling bars with glistening stars
To make thee a wedding gown.
The rainbow, too, of varied hue,
For a bonny belt I'll bring.
The new moon trap, the ends I'll lap,
And weld thee a finger ring.

I'll hunt the hare, I'll fight the bear,
And banish the wolves for good;
Whales and deer and seals I'll spear,
We'll never want for food.
When this is done, I'll moor the sun,
And turn the blizzard away;
The winter's blast forever past,
We'll live in endless day."

*Their trapping and hunting ground is below the ground, out of the cold.

Instead of all this, however (for the world over, lovers' vows are made to be broken) he prostitutes the "little woman" to a brutal whaler and abuses her sometimes till she ends her misery by suicide. But to return to these Alaskan relics, here are several "labrets," large pieces of malachite, crystal and plain stone, which are worn by women as shown in one of the masks referred to. When a girl arrives at maturity, a small piece of silver is run through the flesh below the lower lip. Larger and larger labrets are introduced till the woman may wear one three or four inches long which draws the whole face out of shape. Travelers who have seen the effect of a tongue thrust through the second

mouth, apparently produced when the labret is removed, say it is something to induce nightmare. The labret numbered "19" is a very old one found eleven feet below the surface. Further ornaments for women are shown in the wooden armlets and silver bracelets engraved in designs of seaweed, eagles, crows, etc., and in the shark-teeth ear-rings.

Another very novel branch of this strange collection are the wooden dishes of all sizes, boxes and chests hollowed out of wood, elaborately carved, richly colored by great age and also etched in paint. Along the edges they are inlaid with curious shell-shapes which are solid and look like ivory. These are a growth, similar to pearl, found in a shell fish near Queen Charlotte's Island. "G 27" is more than 100 years old and the carving is extremely fine. One can scarcely believe it is all done, and that upon ivory, with those primitive tools in the case yonder. These dishes were first carved down on the coast near Prince of Wales Island and had been traded for during the last century by the Northern Indians. This one had increased from four or five slaves in value to twenty slaves in 1890; "34" and "35" are exquisite chests for hoarding their totem blankets and valued at thirty slaves each. There are some of the Chilcat totem blankets on the wall and one, I believe, is for sale. They are rare, costly, and worn by the Alaskan Vanderbilts at their Patriarchs' Ball. They are woven, it seems impossible to believe, by hand, and the wool is spun through the hole in that flat stone "spinning wheel" which does not measure more than two inches across. The blanket designs are their strange totems, dyed in the native vegetable dyes of black, greenish yellow, brown, and robin's-egg blue. They are very hard to get, as the Navajo blankets are beginning to be, and if I were rich I should certainly obtain such strange and decorative marvels of a nation fast dying out.

In addition to the beautiful wooden dishes, are some of bone which are very rare. Five of these are small, richly carved and touched up with color. This paint is put on with a wooden fork, also shown. These dishes are the only ones of the kind ever produced and are therefore invaluable. Two others, boat-shaped, carved, and set with pearl, are also rare; they represent the crow and the gristly bear tribes.

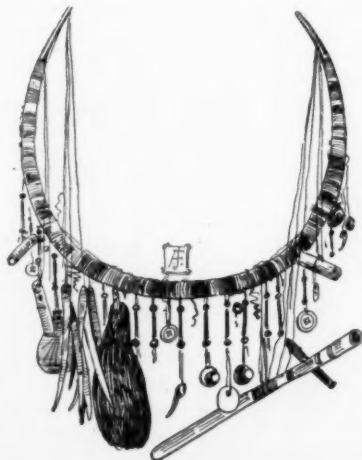
But the great horn spoons! I shall hereafter do all my swearing by them. They are wonderfully beautiful, unique and decorative, and form the best and largest collection ever made. One of the oddest is thus depicted. The bowl would hold three pints, I should think. The handle is long and curves to a bird head. The eyes are mother-of-pearl and that shell is inlaid in the carving which covers the outside of the bowl. The edge is also carved. Many of them have bowls of white mountain-sheep horn and handles of open-work totem carving in the black mountain-goat horn; others are mounted in engraved copper, or etched in color, or inlaid with shell. Talk about Job! In the language of the street, Job isn't in it with the Alaskans! Some of the bowls are of bone which much usage, especially in the grease which they eat as we do jam, have richly colored till they resemble the beauty of



NECKLACE WITH FACE CARVED UPON THE BONE OF A WHALE.



NECKLACE WITH IVORY AND BONE CARVINGS.



MAIDEN'S NECKLACE, WORN FROM TIME OF PUBERTY TILL MARRIAGE.

meerschauts. "F20" is one of the rare and valuable spoons used at weddings and funerals. But a whole article should be devoted to these wonderful spoons of which but a few are for sale, but what beautiful dining-room ornaments these



Treasure Chest and Food Box.

would be; and they could be used, too, for soup ladles, berry spoons and for bonbons.

I seem only to have touched upon this collection yet. There are weapons most curious, harpoons and queer fish-hooks, barbed bone arrow-shafts, etc. One University boy means to gather some of these for decorations in the new Psi U house which is being so elegantly fitted up in the old and well known Willcox house on the East Side. There is one case devoted entirely to knives and daggers, many of which are beautiful and would set a collector wild. Here's a copper sword with an eagle handle and porcupine sheath; a sword made of an old gun barrel ornamented with copper, the two metals being deftly welded; a gun-metal knife with hilt representing a Russian Madonna; a very old knife with a really fine face handle carved in ivory, and many others. There is also a collection of strange pipes, carved and colored fantastically, which some old bachelor collector would be tempted to steal for his den. There are suits of fur, hunting garments of the same, and magnificent rugs of unplucked baby-seal; of red foxes, with the ears and tails left on, of some fur I don't know, the rug being made entirely of the fur of the paws, which makes the rug a succession of puffs. There are fetiches, a curious game of chance, and, of course, the usual beaded wall-pockets, moccasins, beautiful wickerwork, Alaska dolls, tools of all sorts, everything to give one an intelligent idea of the life and habits of the strange people who inhabit the immense and rich country which the wisdom of Seward secured to the United States for such a trifle.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD AND SILVER.

A prospector's outfit usually consists of a prospector's pick and a small axe, a pair of blankets, a tent, a frying pan and kettle, and provisions in a condensed form, such as bacon and beans, flour, molasses, tea, and canned goods, etc. Conditions of time, distance, character of country, accessibility of supplies and so on determine the size of the outfit. A prospector usually "packs" from 50 to 75 pounds on his back. Such a life does not prevent any royal road to riches, but like many other arduous callings when once entered upon is hard to relinquish and an old prospector looks to a couple of months in the mountains each year, in the same way as an actor does to an annual touring. It has its fascinations, and every man, no matter what his experience has been, or discouragements, expects to strike it rich some day.

Few men in a mining district but has a claim to which he fondly looks to make a fortune for

him as soon as a railway comes in, or something else happens which is sure to come about. Every man Jack of him will tell you he has the best claim in the district. Some, figuratively speaking sit down by it and wait for a capitalist to come along and pay him his price. He will stay there until he gets it, which is usually a long time, very often never. Others either barter them away at a nominal price for present necessities and go on searching or let them drop as a plaything which has served its term of pleasurable prospects. A few comparatively speaking do the sensible thing and develop their claims as far as their means will permit and then selling or giving an interest to some person with means enough to prove the value and permanency of the lead. A rich "strike" is the discovery of a vein or deposit of rich surface showing, which usually finds a ready bonder if not a purchaser.

Essentially the business is a lottery—one full of anticipations and big chances, intermingled with numerous disappointments. To go into it to succeed a man requires shrewdness, nerve, good judgment and some capital. Experience is

orable, but will deliberately let you in on a mining deal. It is like an instinct.

Prospecting for placers is determined by "colors of gold" obtained in a prospecting pan. Vein matter is indicated by the character of "float,"

Chinook Indian Blanket
Woven in family totem design.



or surface rock, different minerals being variously determined in this way. A prospector, though he may be in no sense a mineralogist or metallurgist becomes very expert and for practical purposes may often be relied upon to a greater

extent than the scientific expert, though of course the man with the scientific acquirements added to local experience is by far the better off.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

ARTIST MORAN REVISITS THE PARK

Among distinguished visitors in Livingston the past week was the celebrated landscape artist, Thomas Moran of New York City. Mr. Moran was on his return from a trip through Wonderland, having made the journey overland through Wyoming for the purpose of securing sketches for future works of art. He was a member of the Hayden geological party who made a tour through the Yellowstone Valley and the National Park in 1871, and this is his first trip to Montana since that date. As a result of the study of nature's marvelous handiwork at the time of his tour of the Park Mr. Moran executed a painting of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone which brought the remarkable sum of \$10,000, and which is now on exhibition at the national capital. He was greatly surprised with the rapid development of Montana, and especially this portion where, at the time of his former expedition, there was little except an occasional cabin and the Indian missions to mark the localities where now exist thriving cities and the homes of almost innumerable prosperous agriculturists and stockgrowers. Among pioneer residents in this section of the State whose acquaintance Mr. Moran formed during his visit in 1871 were Major F. D. Pease, Jack Baronette, J. C. McCartney and Z. H. Daniels. The only familiar landmark he noticed during his trip down the valley from Cinnabar was the ranch home of Phillip Bottler, and this was only recognizable by the surroundings—the log cabin that then occupied a prominent position having given place to more substantial and modern structures. *Livingston (Mont.) Enterprise*.

The foothills of the Cascades are said to be the natural home of the honey bee. One bee hunter landed in Portland the other day with nearly a thousand pounds of perfect combs. The valleys are a natural dairy region, as the best tame grasses will grow and remain green the year round where the ferns and timber are once subdued. Plenty of stock will subdue the fern.—*Salem Capital Journal*.



CARVED HORN SPOON REPRESENTING AN ALBATROSS, MASK WORN FOR MALE SPIRIT AND MASK WORN FOR FEMALE SPIRIT.

a great factor. While as a class the American mining fraternity is characterized by a commendable morale, there are many who are thoroughly unscrupulous and conscienceless. No other calling has been productive of more trickery. It is against that class of men that investors must be on their guard, because the pursuit is one above all others wherein appearances may be deceiving. Such men, like the professional horsetrader, may be in other respects quite hon-



1. Old Knife - carved bone handle
2. Wooden Pipe.
3. Fish Hook.

THE TRAGEDY OF GERVAIS.

BY FRANKLYN W. LEE.

Upon the green-capped limestone bluff frowning above the Mississippi, which is narrow, shallow and wanting in majesty where St. Paul's highest bridge spans it with its abrupt incline, stood several men, gazing curiously, steadfastly, to the northward. Near the irregular group a photographic camera and tripod, looking like a great hooded insect, had been placed, and between the embedded ferules lay the inevitable yellow box which is the camera-fiend's badge of office.

In the north, where the aurora may be seen on winter nights, a battle of the clouds was in progress. Huge, dense, forbidding masses of black vapor rolled over and over, clumsily crashing against each other like warring leviathans of the air engaged in a Brobdingnagian tourney. The irresistible force of their impetuous contact shook houses to their foundations. Each heavy concussion released rivers of lightning that leaped athwart the torn and tattered skies, causing those who looked upon this awe-inspiring example of nature's potent fury to cower intuitively and look furtively about for avenues of escape. Anon, light and fleecy remnants of the vapor, like flags of truce, detached themselves from the masses, and hastening to meet each other, blended.

Then the noise ceased, for a time, and in the interim of silence the combatants for the supremacy of the ether concentrated their inner and outer forces, absorbed the constantly arriving reinforcements and compressed their irregular and shadowy limits. This done, they reared and plunged, bellowing and thundering defiance to each other, until, spurred on by the sharp goads of the elements, they whirled madly together, the earth trembling the while and the firmament illumined by the wierd, impressive, uncanny splendor of an upper hell.

The air over the bluff was as still as death; the atmosphere was like a dead weight. Beads of perspiration oozed from the pores of those who were watching the duel in progress ten miles away.

At last the face of the photographer brightened as he gazed so intently, and he moved closer to the tripod. The strange battle which held his fascinated gaze had induced a rotation which by degrees spun out a spiral cloud-shape—moulded by invisible hands as a potter moulds the clay upon his wheel—until the outlines of an irregular, funnel-shaped cloud became more clearly defined as the mass, like a huge top, swung away to the eastward.

"It will soon be ready," he said, placing his head beneath the cloth.

Felice was not like the majority of girls in Little Canada. Therefore, because of the rule invariably laid down by the sex, that the woman who is unlike the rest is to be disliked, she was unpopular. The reason was not hard to discover. They were harebrained; she was deep. They were merely pretty; she had beauty which, even if one had to look twice or thrice to fully comprehend it, one never forgot. Their eyes were bright and sparkled at sight of men; hers were deep, dark, slumbrous, filled with a world of expression, and brightened at the approach of only one man. Their ancestors were those of Brittany, where the stone of the rugged coast harshens the nature, where the cold of the sea enters the marrow of those who drag the nets, where the sound of the surf deadens the ears to all things beautiful and there is naught but the ocean. Felice sprang from those of fair Provence, where the sun warms the heart and tints the cheek, where wine enriches the blood, where

prodigal nature ennobles the soul, where passion thrills the being, where music lulls or rouses the senses, where imagination runs riot. She came, too, from those who in ancient times roamed the forests of the Northwest, following the chase and the warpath, dancing in the wierd light of campfires, offering rudely eloquent prayers to Manitou. For Felice's father was the descendant of a bold lad of the south of France who had been carried by an eddy of life into the tide of those who drifted to the New World, and in time he became one of those hardy, intrepid voyageurs who penetrated the fastnesses of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Her mother was quarter-bred from Sioux stock. But in the girl the natures of the Provencal and the aborigine were so delicately blended, so exquisitely harmonized, that, while neither predominated, both were potent and apparent to the student of character. There was no absolute line of demarcation—only vague, indefinable qualities of nature, active according to her moods.

Shunned or openly attacked by her mates because they could not understand her, sneered at by the young men because she was so superior to them, scolded by her mother because she loved to lie beneath the maples and cottonwoods and dream, disliked by her father because she would not wed with old Pierre Landroches' son, she led a hard life. She had passed the waning years of girlhood and the dawning months of perfect womanhood in the cold prison-house of Self. Constrained, restrained, rebellious, she spent her dreary days in hoping against hope that Fate would lead her into more congenial paths.

And Fate, in a capricious moment, had answered her prayer, sending her the one man at sight of whom her eyes kindled and the color leaped into her dusky cheeks. So tall he was and so fair, with merry eyes of blue, the voice of a lute and the smile of an archangel. When and how they met and by what means they grew to comprehend the force of the slightest touch of each—until lips had spoken of love, exchanged vows and united in the ecstasy known only to the lover—it were idle to say; for chance, or destiny, or a sportive demon seeking amusement, is usually responsible for such things. Suffice it to say that, almost before they knew it, the happy truth had been told; and the girl, the color mounting to her temples, the light rising from the depths of her slumbrous eyes and a smile expanding her full, rich lips, had felt that now indeed would she escape the thralldom of discontent, the rack of cross purpose and the lash of brainless, heartless spite. She was beloved by her ideal, and he would take her away, she thought, to another atmosphere, if not to another sphere.

But on this day, the holy Sabbath, when women's tongues should soften and men's hearts grow nobler, one of her enemies, a chit of a girl with not enough wit for wifehood nor the moral courage—pardon the paradox!—to become a grisette, had pointed the finger of scorn at her. She had stung her with the barb of insinuation and told her to her teeth that her handsome lover cared not so much as a petal of his boutonniere for her.

"Marry you?" she cried, selfishly and with a mocking laugh. "*Mon Dieu!* Why should he do that? He wants not a wife—not such as you! And only yesterday, when Basil drove me home from the city market, I saw him riding with a grand lady—one who would not take a drink from the hand of such as you. And"—

They were her last words, for the time being, as Felice, her eyes ablaze with light other than that of the post-meridian sun, had encircled the slender throat with her brown, shapely fingers, which tightened pitilessly until the face of her tormentor turned from pink to purple and then

almost to black. But, awaking to a realization of the dire consequences should she permit the ecstasy of rage to overcome her, she released her shuddering, struggling captive and hurled her to the ground.

"Leave me!" she hissed, in a fury, "or I shall kill you!"

"Mercy!" cried the girl, groveling before her. "I meant nothing—nothing to wound you. But, even if you kill me for it, I swear that I saw him with the lady."

Spurning her contemptuously, Felice turned and left the place, going to the shore, where she gazed long and earnestly at the silver bosom of Lake Gervais, as if she were inwardly calculating the possible benefit to be derived from a sudden plunge through the mirror and a sinking to rest upon the submerged reeds. Then, her eyes dreamily intent upon vacancy, she roamed idly through the woods.

The sky had darkened and the distant rumble of heaven's artillery echoed in the quiet solitude. Birds fluttered aimlessly from limb to limb, uttering notes of affright. Brown coated squirrels leaped wildly from branch to trunk and hid themselves. Instinct told them that danger was nigh. It might have told the girl as much had she heeded the signs, for she had ever lived near to nature's heart, but she had drifted away from herself.

A sturdy boyish figure suddenly barred her path as she strolled along one of the footpaths, and at sight of her lover something of the old light transfigured her face and a smile covered her perfect lips; but they vanished and she grew pensive.

"Dearest Felice!" he whispered, his arm stealing about her.

"With whom were you riding yesterday?" she asked, abruptly, moving away from him.

"Why?" he asked, nervously, his glance dropping before her sharp, penetrating gaze. He did not like the expression of her eyes.

"Who was she?" she repeated, angrily.

"What a mood you are in! Why need you care?"

"Answer me! Who was she?" she demanded, fiercely, gripping his arm with such force that, although she was but a girl, the grasp hurt him. The act cowed him and he shrank a little.

"A—friend," he faltered, scarcely knowing what to say.

"You are lying to me!" she said, scornfully, and he bowed his head, for her wonderful orbs had detected his desire to deceive her.

A dead silence ensued on his part because he was at a loss and dared not invite open hostilities, knowing her nature; on hers because she was wondering how to proceed. Meanwhile the heavens darkened still further, the thunder drew nearer every moment, the lightning grew more vivid, the wind rose with increased force and moaned wildly through the trees. Now and then a gust blew against her with such force as to fit her calico gown more closely to her and disclose the admirable outlines of her perfect figure; her raven hair blew free and he carried his straw hat in his hand, lest it should be whirled through the trees and into the lake, not far distant. Finally he paused to steady himself against a gnarled trunk, for the wind had redoubled its force, and she paused at his side.

"When is it to be?" she asked, again transfixing him with her magnetic glance.

"I do not understand," he said, confusedly, for the gathering storm—in the heavens and in the woman—had grown more ominous.

"When are we to go to the chapel?"

"When you are ready to confess and I am ready to pray, I suppose."

"Take care! This is no jest. I am terribly in earnest and must know your heart this day. When are we to wed?"

The storm and its dangers had diverted the young man's thoughts and he no longer feared the girl. A man who is menaced by a lion will willingly give battle to the leopard from which he previously recoiled. The fear of one inspires courage to fight the other.

"When are we to wed?"

"Never," he responded, curtly.

"Never!" she gasped, turning livid and reel-
ing away.

"Certainly. That was the word," he retorted, "with a touch of mingled sarcasm and contempt. It would be impossible. That I have loved you dearly, I grant you; that you are an acme to one who desires a woman who is out of the ordinary, I freely admit; that I shall ever hold you dear, I am willing to swear. But marriage—nonsense! I never dreamed that you did not understand, that you took such a serious view of our affair, and I am sorry to find it so. Could I take you to my home in the city? The idea is absurd. What would my mother, my father, say? Frankly, my dear, since you insist upon the truth, I am about to be married, but not to you—to the woman with whom I was driving yesterday. However,—"

A moan, wrung from her pale lips by his brutal words, startled him into silence and mingled with the outcry of the tempest. A sudden rush of wind caused her to stagger and he placed his arm about her, not unkindly, to keep her from falling; but she stood proudly erect, her black eyes flaming, and dashed the protecting arm away with a fury not less in proportion than that of the storm which now caused the maples to sway from side to side and beat each other with their bruised branches.

"Liar! Forsworn! Thief!" she cried, all the pent-up rage of which her nature was capable bursting forth. The irresistible passion of the Provencal came side by side with the consuming vengeance of the Sioux, and once more the man who had so cruelly read the death-warrant of her love and hope yielded to fear of her. "I am no longer blind, for I see a craven cur where I thought I beheld a god! None but a cur would seek out a woman, breathe soft words into her virgin ears, bedew her pure lips with love's kisses, and then, when her love for him has made her the jest and scorn of her people, tell her that it was but a pastime—that there is no honor in men, that virtue has no place in the city, that she must be but a toy to please a man's childish vanity, that love, to the rich, means the degradation of the poor."

Heredity made her eloquent in her hour of trial, even as it made her sensuous in time of love and implacable in hatred, and he quivered beneath the cuts like a serf under the knout.

"Oh!" she wailed, continuing the rapid delivery of English mixed with the Little Canada patois, "that I should have given my heart, my life, my soul—all—to a man so base, so vile! *Mon Dieu!* Is there so little honor among the poor and lowly that men seek them naturally when in search of light o'loves?" Then, passing from grief to anger, she cried, glowering upon the man who had heedlessly made her a wreck: "My curse upon you! May you never live to see the light of another day that does not bring you to me as a husband! May the good God in his justice crush you to earth like the worm you are! May he rob that vain woman who has stolen my lover; may she find no beauty in your face, no light in your eyes, no smile upon your pale lips, no shape to your form, no warmth in your hand!"

Crash after crash followed this wild appeal, and the man, his face white to the lips and his eyes staring, pressed closer to the trunk against which he had been leaning. But Felice, unmindful of the terrible gambols of nature, stood bravely, with her head thrown back and eyes and hands uplifted to the dark patch of lowering

sky, scarcely discernible above her. She was like unto the genius of the storm.

Another crash came, the tempest having felled another monarch of the forest, and the man ran in search of a better place of safety.

Grinding houses and trees in its awful jaws, shrieking in fiendish glee until it seemed as if ten thousand demons of hell had been turned loose, came the cyclone, and a tree, uprooted by the funnel and wielded as Hercules wielded his club, struck the forsworn, crushing him into a mangled mass before the staring eyes of the wronged woman who had called down the curse of Omnipotence upon him, and who, by one of those strange freaks so numerous at such a time, stood unharmed.

Hours later, when the devastation was complete, when the wind had died away and the rain had subsided into that mournful monotone which frequently follows a tornado and is so impressive, those who followed the wide track of the storm—picking their way across naked farms, over the ruins of homes and through the tangled debris in search of the dead, dying and wounded, came upon her. They paused, awestricken and unnerved by the pitiful sight. Failing to extricate the shapeless body from beneath the fallen tree, she had taken the poor, clotted head into her lap and was crooning over it as a mother croons over a sick child.

Then they saw that she was mad. And madness was merciful, for in its oblivion her lover still lived and still loved her.

* * * * *

The group on the bluff had grown impatient. The photographer, having properly focused his instrument, took out his watch with one hand and removed the cap from the lens with the other. The exposure made, he recovered the lens and remarked, with a smile:

"A chance shot from nature! I shall be able to sell a few copies as souvenirs."

A BIG BEANERY.

An exchange says: "One of the features of the convention hall at Minneapolis was the beanery. It is a long building nearly opposite the hall and is capable of seating nearly 500 at once. The idea is one of George Brackett's. When he first came to Minneapolis and went campaigning he used to have a beanery around with him and he says he found that most people patronized it in preference to regular restaurants where they could get a variety of dishes.

"This beanery at convention hall was as unlike the late lamented Oliver Hitchcock's place as it is possible to imagine, and in place of gobs of soggy beans there was served a dish that is fit for a king. It takes twenty-four hours and a cord of wood, Mr. Brackett says, to cook a bean as it should be. To begin with there were thirty holes dug in the ground and then thirty cords of wood were put into them and burned. When the wood was all aglow the flames were put out and thirty huge iron pots filled with beans and a little water were put into the holes and covered with tin covers. Finally thirty stokers went around with shovels and piled the glowing wood all about and over the pots until they were actually buried in the fiery mass. Then the whole was covered with earth to bake.

"There were enough beans in the thirty kettles to feed 15,000 hungry men. They were served to the people by a delegation of pretty young women from the churches who volunteered to feed the crowd. The places they were in had signs reading something like this: 'Come in and have a cup of coffee made like your mother makes it and served by your sisters.' The sisters were kindly and a very fine looking lot of young ladies; the daughters, many of them, of the best families in Minneapolis."

MY TROUBADOUR.

A gay little troubadour
Often sings to me,
And his glossy little coat's
As black as can be.

Merry is the song he sings,
Ever glad his lay,
But his time of mirth is at
The close of the day.

Then he tunes his instrument,
Thoughtful troubadour!
Careful as to pitch and tone,
And the proper score.

Glad he sings till I'm asleep,
Happy troubadour!
Hops about, as crickets will,
O'er my chamber floor!

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Our country's flag, that in grim battle's fiery flame,
Borne on the swell of victory, undaunted came
To stimulate its lagging champions and to rout
A sturdy foe: Thy influence anon swept doubt
Aside, and caused fear-blanching cheeks to blush for shame.

More than an hundred years have passed; thy lasting
fame
Has brightened every nook beneath the sun. The same
Brave spirits of that early day still love and shout,
"Our country's flag!"

The thirteen stars which voiced our nation's humble
aim,
With one-and-thirty brilliants now together frame
The standard of our unity, the matured sprout
Of Liberty, God bless her! Loyal, true, devout
Americans will e'er and evermore acclaim
"Our country's flag."

FRANK C. TECK.

SONNET.

O, Life! O, Death! How good ye are and fair,
As, luminous in the glory of God's love,
Ye stand revealed, His angels from above!
Angels we've entertained, though unaware—
The janitors that wait our souls to bear
Through either gate of Being: not to rove
Unguided, but in course prescribed to move,
Fixed as the planets' paths that roll through air
In Christ's "dear night," your Lord and ours so bold
With reverent courage, lo! the veil we raise
Lest wrapped around you, and with wondering gaze
Your solemn beauty undismayed behold,
No more dread mysteries our souls to scare,
Making Life vanity, and Death despair.

CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

Utica, Mich., Sept., 1892.

MY NAME IS DEATH.

What if some morning when the stars are paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a belated spirit standing near.

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
This is our Earth—most friendly Earth and fair;
Dully its sea and shore, through sun and shadow,
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendship dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me, the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

THE CLOSE OF AN AUTUMN DAY.

The autumn winds are sighing
So mournfully around my home to-night!
I hear them knocking at my blinds; now flying
Away as if in fright.

Again I hear them coming
From out the shadows of the night; I hear
Them at my casement jar; into the gloaming
Upon the dearth I peer.

Tempest and darkness only!
And so my soul looks out with sad misgiving
Into the shadows 'round its chambers lonely,
And counts the worth of living.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

Graham, N. C.

Recollections of a Man of Shilly

PUBLISHING A COUNTRY PAPER.

Early in the spring of 1865, just before the assassination of Lincoln and the surrender of Lee, I arrived in Youngstown, Ohio, then a village of about 2,500 people, supported mainly by iron furnaces and a rolling mill, which belched forth great volumes of black smoke and made it a sooty and unsightly place. I was nearly twenty-four years old and when I took possession of the little printing office of the *Register*, in a back-room behind a hardware store, I felt that my earnest work in life had just begun. I established a home in the outskirts of the village, beyond the reach of the descending clouds of coal smoke, and for fifteen dollars a month became the tenant of a pleasant house, with a big front yard, in which stood three noble trees. I soon moved the printing office to the third story of the only brick block in the town and bought a power press, for which I was obliged to go in debt. The work of editing the paper, keeping the books, reading exchanges, collecting bills, soliciting advertising, gathering local news, looking after the job printing, and lending a hand at the case in the rush before getting the forms to press, filled all my time from seven in the morning till six at night on week days, and on Sundays I usually put in a few hours at the office, instead of going to church—still a habit of most county editors, I believe. My work was varied, healthful and stimulating. I think I liked best the making up of the inside forms on publication day—arranging the news, locals and ads in their proper places in the columns. There was a mild excitement in this bringing into order all the work of the type-setters and shaping for a visible result the labors of the week. Then there was a distinct pleasure in lifting the heavy forms from the stone to the press and in seeing the first sheet of the week's issue come off the cylinder and fall upon the table. How eagerly this sheet was seized and spread upon the now vacant stone for the united inspection of the editor the foreman and the compositors. If no errors were discovered, the apprentice boy took his place at the feed board, the stout Dutchman who furnished the motive power turned the crank and the clink-clank of the press began, more musical to the ears of the editor than any piano symphony. The damp sheets were folded by the compositor girls and the editor wrote the names of the subscribers on the papers and made up the bundles for the post-office.

I have always maintained that the avocation of country editor is one of the most agreeable in life, if only the paper has a sufficient revenue to place the editor in an independent position so that he will not feel compelled to assume a subservient attitude towards the politicians or towards the business men who give him advertising and job work. It is an avocation that interests the mind constantly, and, like those of the painter, the author, the sculptor and the civil engineer, it is creative in its nature. Every issue of a newspaper is a new creation, to the making of which has gone much thought and much varied activity. Besides, the editor, if he be a man of character, is a positive force in his community, whose influence is felt by many more people than that of the clergyman, the lawyer or

the shop-keeper. He is in touch, through his exchanges and the magazines he receives, with the thought of the world. He leads an intellectual life and in this he finds compensation for scanty revenue and many cares.

I am inclined to think that the earnings of most country papers thirty years ago were better than the average of the present day, although the making of them was more costly, for there were no patent insides then to save composition, and plate matter was unknown. White paper, too, cost nearly double what it does now. But there were fewer papers and city competition had not cut down the prices of job work. The net income of the *Register* was about fifteen hundred a year, and as my home expenses were not over seven or eight hundred dollars I was soon able to pay for my new press and to stock up the job office with new styles of type. In the summer I made excursions through the county to increase the subscription list. I was troubled with bashfulness to such an extent that I would have been a bad failure as a solicitor, but in every township I found some prominent man who wanted to stand well with the county newspaper and who would get into my buggy and go around among the farmers, introducing me and doing the talking himself. In this way I soon added two or three hundred names to the list.

My office force consisted of a foreman, a boy and two girls. The foreman was a bright and competent fellow but he labored under the fatal necessity of going on a drinking spree now and then, and the fit usually took him at the busiest time in the office, when there was a press of job work. The drink habit seemed to be more prevalent among printers at that time than among the men of any other trade, with the exception of the iron workers, who consumed great quantities of beer. In my experience with printers I observed that the brighter the man intellectually the more likely he was to yield to this degrading habit. If I wanted to be sure of a sober man I had to hire a dull sort of a fellow. The foreman's wages were fifteen dollars a week and the girls, setting leaded matter at twenty-five cents a thousand, earned from seven to ten dollars a week each. All articles of food and apparel cost more then than now, but living was less expensive, for a multitude of luxuries which working people now think they must have, were then unknown, or used only by the rich.

One of my instructive experiences in Youngstown was that of being a candidate for a county office; my first and last folly of that sort. Some friend put the notion into my head that the county treasurership, which was an easy office to hold, with only a few weeks' duty during the year, ought to go the editor of the newspaper organ of the dominant party. I readily agreed with this theory and announced my name in a card, in a half-column list of similar cards put in by other aspirants for that and other offices to be filled at the coming election. The county convention met and I was made secretary. I had the mortification of calling the list of townships and hearing one after another delegation go solid for my competitor, a retired butcher of very moderate education and ability, who had diligently set up the primaries. Only one township voted for me. I was so annoyed at the outcome of my ambition that I made a resolution never again to run for office—a resolution I have never broken.

The member of Congress from our district was James A. Garfield, who lived in the college village of Hiram, in the adjacent county of Portage. Among my most pleasant recollections are those of visits to his modest home, facing on the college campus. He had a little white house with green blinds, a family of small children and a charming wife who sympathized with all his intellectual ambitions and kept pace with him in

his studies and readings. In the dooryard were maples, mountain ash trees and rose bushes, and in the little parlor there was a big bookcase full of good books. Garfield was just ten years my senior. He was a large, blonde, muscular man, with a big head set squarely upon broad shoulders. He devoured all knowledge that came in his way, had a wonderfully retentive memory and was the best talker I ever knew. No matter what topic was started he had something interesting to say upon it. To add to the charm of his companionship he was peculiarly genial and affectionate. He liked to call his friends by their first names and to put his arms around them and hug them at meeting and parting. He was brimming over with good nature and love of humanity. I remember with special distinctness one Sunday afternoon, when we climbed to the tower of the little red brick college building, from which there was a vast view over many miles of farms and woods, and sat there for hours, oblivious of the lapse of time, talking of literature, philosophy, politics and our recent war experiences, quoting poetry and getting at each other's ideas on all sorts of subjects. It was no wonder that I became his admirer and champion—I had never before been so drawn to any man. A little later, when the iron-masters of my county tried to beat him for the renomination to Congress, because he was only a moderate protectionist instead of a high tariff man, I worked hard for him and had the satisfaction of going to the convention with a solid delegation in his favor.

That year I made my first political speech. I had talked a little at recruiting meetings in country school houses during the war, but this was my first attempt to make a connected argument on a public question. The meeting was held in the village of Poland, and the town hall, lighted by a few smoking kerosene lamps, was filled with an intelligent audience of both sexes. The chairman, a solemn looking old gentleman, introduced me as the young man who was editing the county paper. I had written out a lot of notes for my discourse but I was too confused to find the right place in them and soon gave up all attempt to make use of the manuscript. The room swam before my eyes at first and the faces of the people looked blurry. After a few minutes, however, my knees ceased to tremble, I got accustomed to the sound of my voice and went ahead with tolerable ease. My theme, I remember, was an argument on the true nature of paper money and the duty of the Government to resume specie payments. At that time the movement in favor of issuing more irredeemable greenbacks had begun to gather force, which in after years was ridiculed as the "rag baby" heresy and had a great run all over the West, invading both the old political parties. This foolish notion is not yet extinct. Its basis is the fallacy that money is whatever the Government stamps as such, and that consequently the easy way to make money plenty and everybody prosperous is for the Government to print a great lot of paper currency and set it afloat. I was not elated over my speech, although I went through with it fairly well for a new beginner and was congratulated by the leading men of the village. All the way back to town next morning I kept thinking of the good things I meant to say and had forgotten to bring in. I was morbidly sensitive to my own failings; a sort of egotism which afflicts many young men, who fancy that the world is much more wise and critical than it is in reality, and who shrink from doing the best they can because they fear it will not be good enough to meet with approval.

Another interesting experience in that epoch of my life was going to Columbus as a delegate to a State convention. The leader of our delegation was a jovial, shrewd old man, who wore

nankeen trowsers and a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons. His name was Judge Newton. He and a smart young lawyer were the political bosses of our county. I had fancied that as the editor of the party paper I would cut some figure in the delegation, but when it came to voting for candidates for State offices the old judge would whisper a little with the young lawyer and would say to the rest of the delegates, "Boys, I think we had better vote for So-and-so;" and then he rose and announced the vote of the whole delegation as solid for the candidate of his own choice. This was my first glimpse of political bossism. In after years I used to think I was doing a patriotic service in fighting the bosses in State and national politics; but with riper judgment has come the conviction that most men want leaders and that the boss of a party is usually the man who does the thinking.

Late in the fall of 1865 Gen. Garfield came to Youngstown, and sitting in my little sanctum talked about my future in his friendly, sympathetic way. He told me I ought to go to Washington, see Congress in session and study national politics for a time. If I could get some one to run my paper during the winter and spring he would procure for me a clerkship in the House of Representatives, which would pay me a fair salary. His friend Gen. Schenck was chairman of the Military Committee and wanted an Ohio man for clerk who had some influence in the politics of the State; he was a royal good fellow; I would like him and he would like me; I could write letters for my paper and run home occasionally to see that everything was going well. It did not take much argument of this kind to convince a young man that it would be a good thing to go into the whirl of politics and legislation at Washington instead of sticking to his work in a dingy, smoky, iron making village. So the change was made. A temporary editor was found for the *Register* who looked faithfully after the receipts and expenses and wrote the local items. The first part of the journey to Washington was made by canal boat on the only packet route remaining on all the Ohio canal system—from Youngstown to Mahoningtown, where it connected with a railroad for Pittsburg. If one was not in a hurry there was no more delightful method of travel. At the locks the passengers went ashore and made excursions for apples to the nearest orchard. The motion was smooth and agreeable; it was pleasant to sit on deck and watch the panorama of fields, farm-houses and woods, and then there was the excitement of ducking down when the boat passed under a bridge, the interest in the work of the horses on the tow-path, in the rush and swirl of the water in the locks, and in the easy, sociable talk of the passengers. Whoever has journeyed by canal will join me in looking back with regret from this age of fret and hurry to that placid, easy-going mode of locomotion.

On my arrival at Washington Gen. Garfield made me acquainted with Gen. Schenck, a sturdy square-jawed, blond-haired man of fifty-odd with an energetic and rather bristly manner relieved by a twinkle of humor in his small blue eyes. His right arm was partially disabled from a wound received in the war. A few days afterwards the House was organized by the re-election of Schuyler Colfax as speaker, the committees were appointed, Gen. Schenck was made Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and I was presented one morning to the members of this committee as their new clerk. We had a noble room on the main floor of the House wing of the capitol, with a vaulted ceiling and with two big windows looking along the entire front of the superb white building, and two more looking out between Corinthian columns on the East Capitol Park. This room became my working home for seven years. All the members of

the committee save three were generals fresh from the war. One of the two was a Democrat named Sitgreaves, from New Jersey, who told me how to recall his name readily. Said he, "I sit here at the foot of the table and grieve that I am in the minority." Another was a tall, handsome man with black hair and piercing dark eyes, who had just begun to make himself prominent in national affairs. His name was James G. Blaine. To me he was the most agreeable and interesting man among the nine members of the committee. He had been an editor at one period of his career and he liked newspaper men. He had taught school, too, and we compared experiences in that line. He was very industrious at that time and very ambitious. He had planned his life for years in advance and he carried out his plans almost to the letter. One day he told me that the Military Committee would not be of much importance after the army was organized and the odds and ends of the war legislation disposed of. Financial questions would be paramount. He intended to be upon the Appropriations Committee in the next Congress; two years later he would be chairman of that committee, then he would be Speaker of the House and afterwards he would go to the Senate. It all came about exactly as he proposed it should. Our friendship, begun in long talks before the wood fire in the committee room, continued for seventeen years, until I removed to Minnesota and left a great gap of distance and changed occupations, between me and the associations of journalism and politics in the East.

The new life thus opened to me at Washington was intensely interesting. To our committee room came all the great generals of the war. The committee went to work on legislation to increase the standing army. The volunteers were nearly all mustered out and it was believed that to hold the lately conquered South in order the regular army must be made to consist of fifty or sixty thousand men. To give their views on the new legislation necessary for the military establishment these gallant commanders were summoned to Washington. Grant then had his headquarters in the city and was a frequent caller. He used to stand with his back to the fire and chat in quiet tones about the events of the war, then so fresh in mind. He was still in the prime of life—not a gray hair, as I remember, and with none of the heaviness of frame that came in later years. The common impression of him as a silent man is not altogether correct. To strangers he had very little to say, but with people that he knew and liked he was a very fluent and graceful talker. Another of our visitors was Sherman, who looked more like a lawyer than a general, with his high forehead and his nervous, intellectual face and his tall, gaunt figure. He was a most entertaining talker and always seemed to be brimming over with ideas. Sheridan I saw less of, although he came up from his command in Texas to confer with the committee. He was of under size, stocky and muscular, with a round head and a rugged, red face, and he looked every inch a fighter. Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga, was tall, large and impressive and had a leonine countenance. He was slow to speech and his words always seem well weighed before utterance. He impressed every one as a remarkable man—serious, conscientious, courageous and intensely patriotic. I might make a long list of the generals with whom I came in contact in my duties as clerk, but the younger generation knows little or nothing of a host of men who were famous then. Only a few great names have come down from the war period with what promises to be the lustre of enduring fame. Not even the great corps commanders are now remembered. Only the few men who successfully commanded large armies are kept in mind.

E. V. S.



No Place for an Editor.

A writer says, "The country editor who is out of debt and has a good home, and puts out his first \$1,000 at interest, is on the highway to Ophir." Cy. Ophir at one time before his death lived at Charleston, Ill. He was a terribly profane man. We don't want to go where he is.—*North Dakota Siftings.*

Pedigree of the "Daisy."

A beautiful young Georgia woman was described in an Atlantic paper the other day as "a fair flower of the South, born of the marriage of Amaryllis and a Magnolia." The lady must be a daisy, and botanists should be thankful for this bit of information regarding the pedigree of this plant.—*Anaconda Review.*

A Result of Competition.

In an interior Minnesota town competition is so fierce, it is stated, that recently one of the local lumbermen was debarred from serving on a jury in a murder trial, because it was feared he would vote to hang the accused so as to enable him to sell the order for bill-stuff which it would be necessary to place before the gallows could be erected.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

Oakesdale's Scoop.

A preacher in the Palouse Country, whose name is withheld on account of his friends, has been investigating the matter and discovers that hell, with all its appurtenances, is located at Oakesdale, and the *Sun* at that place takes advantage of the situation to do a little townsite booming as follows: "Colfax may have her court house, Palouse City may keep her sawmill, Pullman is welcome to her agricultural college, and Spokane her waterpower. Many other towns have the above named industries, but Oakesdale is alone in her glory. There are many other court houses, sawmills, agricultural colleges and waterpowers, but there is only one hell, and if the reverend gentleman's words be true, Oakesdale has a 'scoop' on the entire world. All hail, Oakesdale, the peerless princess of the world!"

A Great Muscle-Developer.

For three long years have we stood upon the ink-stained arena of our back office and pulled the lever of a man-killing hand-press, and done the work of a four-horse-power engine. If there be one among you who deem this a too soft snap, let him come forth and surge upon the stubborn lever. If there be three among the whole populace who dare cope with the toggle-jointed monster and the grease-stained floor of our press-room, let them come on. If you don't think we've earned the scanty crusts upon which we have subsisted, then try with the back-breaker in our rear shop. We have wrestled and tugged with the joint-stretching muscle-developer until our arms are bundles of tough ligaments, and we feel perfectly able to lick the man who says we ought to do something to earn a living. We have swung on the handle of this lung-testing, pile-driving mechanism until our hands were blistered, our soles sore, and holes were worn through the floor where we braced our immense feet. We have been solicited to furnish power for a rock crusher, but we were not always thus, a slave to a three-legged iron constitution

wrecker. We were once able to hire an able-bodied giant to do the work.—*Tillamook (Oregon) Headlight.*

The Barrel Race.

A funny form of sport revived now and then at Western county fairs and carnival amusements is the barrel race. No doubt it is very old in its origin, going back at least to ancient times in England, as do most of our out-door diversions. At a point about midway in the race-course a row of barrels is placed, with the heads knocked out. Each sprinter is assigned his barrel, through which he must crawl before completing the running. The antics of the contestants in endeavoring to make good time through these obstacles never fail to set the crowd of spectators in a roar. Sometimes a man gets fast in the barrel and rolls about helpless on the ground until his more fortunate competitors have reached the goal.

Barbed Wire Variety.

A traveling man at the Nicollet yesterday told a good story on Tom Edison, the well known North Dakota politician and blooded stock raiser. It was at the Hotel Dakota at Grand Forks. A

"A wealthy man from St. Paul owned a summer cottage at Monte Meda, and was the proud possessor of a cow called Suka. One night Suka succeeded in hanging herself with her halter. I seized on the item at once, wrote it up as 'the suicide of Suka Frost,' and sent it by express, inclosing a note to the editor stating that Suka was a cow.

"The note was mislaid and the telegraph editor 'padded' the item. The next day the paper came out with a column account of the mournful event under a three column 'scare' head. 'Miss Suka Frost, the charming daughter of a well known citizen of St. Paul, committed suicide.' The article entered into all the details and gave unrequited love as the moving cause of the rash deed.

"The afternoon papers thought they had been ignobly 'scooped,' and to make amends sent special reporters and artists to the scene of the tragedy. Then they roasted the *Globe*, and the editor tried to get even by giving me the grand bounce."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Listen to This Tale of Woe.

Miss Elizabeth Walker, of Butte, nee Mrs. Joseph Davis, is a living example of a withered

"I give thee all—I can no more,
Tho' for the offering be;
My heart and life are all the store
What I can bring to thee."

Joseph said that was sufficient, provided the shop was thrown in and the money, if any, there was in the bank, and went off singing, "She's my Lizzie, I'm her Joe."

Mr. Davis was not a man to let Butte grass grow under his feet even if it had any intention of springing up in the plot set aside for the capitol. He met a party of asthetic bricklayers and over a pot or two of beer told them of the prize he had captured. They drank to Joe's health and Joe drank to theirs until they could drink no more; not on account of lack of capacity, but shortness of cash. Joe had a plan. He would marry the maiden all forlorn who sold taffy and popcorn. The proposition met with decided approval, and Joe, after soaking his head under the hydrant until he could see straight, peregrinated to where his love lay dreaming and warbled beneath her lattice:

"And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

She heard, and that virgin bosom which had never felt a hand heavier than that of time, rose and fell with a rhythmic beat and cadence soft, as a pulsing lake beneath a harvest morn when the night wind braids her hair.

Mr. Davis stood in Miss Walker's presence. He had come to claim her as his own and had the priest and the ring near by. Fair Elizabeth said it was "suddint," but, while willing, her religion would not permit her to be married by a priest. A minister she must have, and named her pastor as the one she much desired to say the words. Mr. Davis was full of expedient. He left in search of the pastor and returned with a clerical bricklayer, whom he introduced as the pastor's assistant, the pastor being unable to come. Miss Walker was satisfied, and placing her lily white hand in Joseph's manly paw she held on until the assistant said the words which transformed her into Mrs. Davis.

The pseudo minister intimated that it was customary to receive a tip and Joseph agreed with him, but Joseph was short and asked Mrs. Davis to come to the rescue, which she did with \$2.50, good beer money. He left, promising to send around the marriage license and certificate next day.

It is now time to draw a veil over the scene. When Mr. Davis left the house the next morning before daylight he appropriated a \$5 bill which was lying around handy for appropriation, leaving Miss Walker, nee Mrs. Davis, standing in the middle of the floor in a dramatic attitude, reciting:

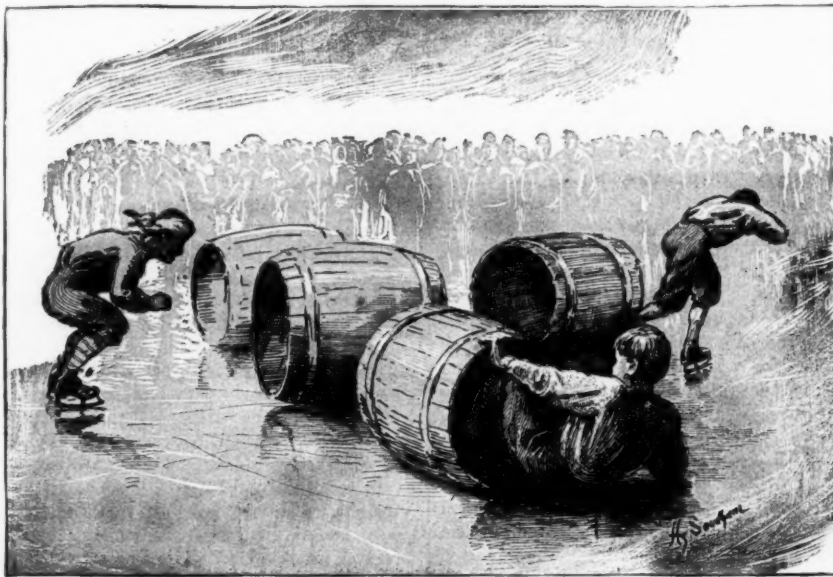
"Oh stay!—oh stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon."

But Mr. Davis had a cold, practical side to his nature. He knew that he must be on time to work or lose his job; besides he had a \$5 bill in his pocket and was anxious to find an all night house (not a difficult task in Butte) to get a matrimonial melange.

Miss Walker, nee Mrs. Davis, has not seen Joseph since that night, though she received a beer license and a part of a racing programme for marriage license and certificate. She told her story to the police and they are looking for Joseph and the \$5 bill. This is a sad story and should put all forty-year-old maidens on their guard. Our sympathy is extended to the cruelly deceived, trusting Miss Walker. She should remember that

"All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be last when sweetest."

—*Missoula Gazette.*



THE BARREL RACE.

party of good fellows were gathered in one of the rooms. They talked until they were dry, but as North Dakota is a prohibition State there seemed to be no help for it. Just in the nick of time the door opened and in walked a traveling man who undertook to "save the lives" of the party by going after a bottle he had in his valise. The liquor was of the barbed-wire variety peculiar to prohibition States, and everybody followed his drink with a shot at the quality of the liquor. Finally it came Edison's turn. He took his medicine and dryly remarked:

"Well, boys, there is one thing I can say in favor of this whisky."

Tom is credited with knowing a hawk from a handsaw in the liquor line, so his remark was received with a chorus of "What is it?"

"It's this," he said. "Water tastes good after drinking it."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

He Lost His Job.

"My newspaper career ended in sullen gloom," said Michael E. Moore, at the Laclede. "Some years ago I was reporting for the *St. Paul Globe* and was sent up to Monte Meda to do the Northwestern Chautauqua. The thing dragged and my soul yearned for excitement.

heart which fails to revive when wet by pity's dew. She has loved and lost. When the balladist wrote, "I know a little widow who keeps a candy store," he must have had Miss Walker in mind, for she is a widow, an orphan of the heart. This gentle, trusting and confiding creature, over whose head has fluttered forty or more coy summers, and that number of winters has toyed with her cheeks until they are like the *Gazette*—red all over—keeps a peanut stand in the city, said by the *Helena Journal* to be the wickedest city in the United States—Butte. Miss Walker, besides taffy, gum and striped stick candy, keeps tobacco, cigars and other asthetic things to suit manly appetites, and drove quite a trade with the boys who passed her door. Among those boys was Joseph Davis, a brick layer. Miss Walker found favor in the eyes of Joseph and Joseph in Miss Walker's estimation was about as fine a specimen of the unfeathered biped as ever yelled "more mort." When absent from her gaze she would "sigh yet feel no pain, weep yet scarce know why." She was mashed, completely self-obliterated and merged into another being.

Joseph came awooling and Lizzie did not say him nay. He proposed and she accepted him, saying:

OF INTEREST TO SETTLERS.

THE CŒUR D'ALENE VALLEY.

The Cœur d'Alene River Valley, at this season of the year, is a scene that beggars description. Its broad meadows, sweet with the fragrance of new mown hay; towering mountains; its forests stretching away until they blend in one symmetrical whole; the broad river itself, winding through the broad valley like a silver thread among the green, all combined, make one of the grandest and most beautiful panoramas possible for the human mind to conceive. An *Ensign* representative spent several days on the river last week viewing the beautiful scenery and enjoying its matchless climate. A closer study of its soil, climate and many other natural advantages renews our confidence in this country. Now is the very best time to see the country at a good advantage. The hay harvest is on in full blast, and all the ranches are busy. The crop this year is pronounced A 1. This is the first year that such cereals as wheat and oats have been experimented with, and the experiment has proved a grand success. These do equally as well here as in the far-famed and prolific Palouse, which is equal to saying that the agricultural land of these river valleys cannot be excelled anywhere in the world.—*Harrison Ensign*.

THE RED LAKE RESERVATION TIMBER.

Hon. A. C. Rhinehart of East Grand Forks, Government appraiser of pine lands in the Red Lake Reservation, says in an interview:

"The reservation occupies an immense extent of country east of Grand Forks and the western limit is about seventy-five miles distant. It contains spruce and the hardwoods, besides an estimated quantity of 8,000,000,000 feet of white and Norway pine, mostly the former timber. The whole country is a region of ridges covered with pine and intervening lakes and cedar and tamarac swamps. The Red Lake is the largest body of water in Minnesota, and it is divided by a narrow neck into two parts connected by a narrow strait. Each part is about fifteen miles in diameter, and there is ample depth for boats throughout. The outlet of the lake leaves it at the west end of the lower half. A large body of water is discharged at all times sufficient for steamboats and for driving.

"About half way to Grand Forks there is a stretch of twelve miles of rapids and swift current, which will require some improvements for driving in low water, but with that exception the river is an ideal driving stream all the way from the Red Lake to Grand Forks, where the Red Lake River enters the Red River of the North, and the logs can be driven to and nearly to the heart of the country, which will offer an ample market for all the lumber that can be cut. This having been an Indian reservation, none of this timber has been cut down except dead trees, so it is practically intact. The timber is being estimated by the Government and will be offered for sale at public sale in forty-acre tracts and only one-tenth of the entire amount will be offered for sale each year. This will bring into market 800,000,000 feet per annum.

"There is also a considerable quantity of pine on the head waters of the Clearwater, a very fair driving stream which empties into the Red Lake River about thirty-five miles east of this place. About 10,000,000 feet per year has been driven on this stream for the last seven years. This timber has come from a small strip south of the reservation line.

"The Red Lake River is crooked, wide and deep, with sluggish current for twenty miles above this city. Logs can be boomed with perfect safety

in the main river, but there are also a lot of sloughs and cut-offs which offer good boomage facilities. One of these sloughs will hold 2,000,000 feet. The prairie country west and southwest will absorb this pine."—*Mississippi Valley Lumberman*.

IDAHO FRUIT COMING TO ST. PAUL.

Mr. J. R. Wallis, representing the fruit commission house of B. Presley & Co., of St. Paul, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the United States, was in Lewiston last week looking up the fruit business among the Snake River growers. His house is now trying the experiment of shipping Snake River fruits East to use in their trade. The Northern Pacific after investigating the industry has reduced the rates to St. Paul and has made arrangements to expedite the service so that fruit can reach St. Paul from Snake River in four days. Heretofore very little Oregon or Washington fruit has ever been shipped East, owing to imperfect packing and slow transportation. If the service can be made effective it opens up an almost unlimited market for our fruits. Mr. Wallis states that St. Paul as a fruit center is second to none in the United States, supplying a large territory with delicious fruits. This territory, which reaches from West Superior and Duluth on the northeast and Winnipeg on the north, to the Dakotas and Montana on the west, is now supplied by California fruits exclusively, from three to five carloads daily. But the demand exceeds the supply, and other points must be looked to to fill in the deficiency. There is every reason to believe that the growers along Snake and Clearwater rivers can come in for a share of this market. The proposed service will place our fruit on the market two days ahead of the most favored spots of California. The fruit will be fresher and more marketable. Mr. Wallis visited L. A. Porter's fruit farm here and was highly delighted with the fruit examined there. Both in peaches and grapes he declares that what he has seen here equals anything ever grown in California. Prunes, pears, peaches, grapes, nectarines, plums and melons can be shipped, with returns so profitable that the industry will increase magnificently under the stimulus. Mr. Wallis thinks that the growers of this vicinity should form an association and work together in developing the interests of fruit growing here. There is certainly a glorious prospect awaiting the full development of the industry.—*Lewiston (Idaho) Teller*.

EASTERN WASHINGTON ORCHARDS.

For the first time since an effort has been made to grow fruit in the Palouse Country, the products of the orchards on the uplands promise to excel, both in quality and quantity, those of the lower levels. The fact that never since the orchards began to creep up the hillsides have they failed to produce abundantly is most encouraging to the Palouse pioneers in this branch of agriculture who made the trial of fruit growing in the face of objections and doubts as to its practicability. The success they attained paved the way to the planting of thousands of acres in trees and small fruits, and as yet only a beginning has been made in this industry.

The soil of the Palouse is wonderfully adapted to the cultivation of small fruits, apples and cherries. Even peaches, wherever tried, have grown well and produced abundantly, but it is yet an open question whether they would under all circumstances do so well as do the hardier fruits.

Farmers are yearly seeing more plainly the advantages that accrue from diversified farming, and, as a natural consequence, each year sees the

broad wheat fields encroached on more and more by leafy orchards and long rows of small fruits. Instead of raising only grain and buying all of his fruits and vegetables, there is now often a surplus of these latter products for market in addition to the sacks of yellow wheat. The market for fruits and vegetables is also constantly growing, and although the supply is constantly increasing the demand keeps pace with it.

With the introduction of orchards, however, have come the numerous pests which continually threaten the crops and even the life of the trees. The destructive codlin moth, the green and woolly aphid and the dreaded scale bug are to be fought unceasingly if the husbandman is to reap the benefits of the toil. The progressive orchardist accepts the situation, knowing it results as the price of commercial intercourse with the outside world, and prepares to wage increasing warfare with his minute foes. Even at the worst it is doubtful whether orchard pests are more destructive than are the wire worms, the squirrels or other enemies of the grain fields.

Although a good beginning has been made in the direction of orchard planting, it is as yet only a beginning. That each year sees thousands of additional trees set out is gratifying to those who are interested in the growth and development of the eastern portion of this State; and that this is done not only in those sections peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of fruit, but in other portions once, by common consent, given over for cattle ranges as being entirely worthless for agricultural purposes, is still further a matter of congratulation. The time is not distant when Eastern Washington can supply the markets of an empire with luscious and unexcelled fruits and berries.—*Spokane Review*.

A HEN FARM ON PUGET SOUND.

Adolph Goldschmidt and wife are an industrious and frugal German couple, who tired of dull times and little paying work in Seattle. Eight months ago they purchased and located upon a ten-acre tract of bluff land about two miles eastward from the center of that widespread town known in ancient boomtown history as Des Moines. Their object was to establish a hen ranch and make money.

The heavy timber had been removed from the tract, and Adolph's first work about erecting a modest "shack" for his frau was to slash and clear a portion of the land of its underbrush. About two acres were well cleared off and inclosed by a high tight fence made of "shakes" split from the tall cedars of the surrounding forest. This yard was divided in the middle by a similar fence. Then followed the erection of a warm house for the proposed flock of hens, and as time allowed other buildings have been put up and coops, nest boxes, etc., made. Mr. Goldschmidt, being handy with tools, has done all this work himself, ably assisted, of course, by his capable and willing spouse.

Then came the purchase of the fowls for a start. These, to the number of one hundred, were picked up whenever opportunity offered, without particular reference to varieties or mixtures of blood. A glance at the collection reveals the fact, however, that the Leghorn blood predominates. The Plymouth Rock comes next; then all sorts in general mixtures. As far as possible to get them, young hens were chosen. None of the cocks are pure-bred. But these fowls are all good rustlers. They are strong and healthy, ready for every insect that ventures within the enclosure either about the ground or at any reasonable distance below the surface, and ready, also, at feeding time for a good hearty meal.

The laying boxes are scattered about almost everywhere that it became convenient to place them. Some of these are well up from the ground

and others are low down so that the natural inclination of the different birds may have sway. It is noticed that few of the nests are used, a number of hens choosing the same nests. During the forenoon they may be seen waiting their turn, very much as human beings await their chance at a barber's chair. The nests are of fine straw, which is changed frequently for cleanliness and health.

A separate house has been provided for the sitting hens. As soon as signs of brooding appear the hen is transferred to this house. Each hen has a separate compartment—about two feet by four—sufficiently large to allow of a little exercise. The nest, like the others, are of fine straw, and placed close down to the ground. The house is warm but well ventilated. The compartments are at the side of the house facing an alleyway through the middle, and each has a door in front through which the food and water is given. After the hen has been furnished with her complement of eggs, she remains a willing prisoner until her "hatch" is completed. At the time of the writer's visit, August 1, fourteen of the compartments were occupied by expectant mothers.

The cockerels and pullets as they grow up become a trifle pugnacious and overbearing. However, they have a separate yard to keep them from annoying the younger broods as they come off, as well as from robbing them of their food. In a small sub-enclosure are to be found a motley collection of young "roosters" being fattened for market. The plan is to keep all the pullets, the present layers being only the nucleus of the future flock. The hope is to begin the season next spring with a full 1,000 "biddies." The cockroes are turned off when the demand is best, with little reference to size or weight. They go by the dozens and at sometimes bring a deal of money.

There is no artificial hatching here. The incubator will find no place at this ranch for the present. The old method of increase is considered best.

Surplus eggs are sent to market and always bring a good price. Just now the rate is thirty cents per dozen. Next year the egg sales will be much heavier, as comparatively less will be used for hatching.

The entire stock from the "puff ball" size up, receive regular and ample feeding. Three times a week the proprietor drives to Seattle, a distance of twelve miles, taking with him hen produce in some form, and bringing back refuse from restaurants and hotels. This gives food of great variety and merit. Only that which is sweet and wholesome is taken. This stuff, often sloppy, is drained and thoroughly cooked before being given to the fowls. It furnishes soup meat and vegetables in good proportion. Wheat also furnishes an occasional change. Green food—cabbage leaves and the like—also finds its way to the flock as it can be handily procured. Plenty of good cool water, fresh from the well, is furnished every day. In consequence of this rational treatment sickness among the fowls is as yet unknown. When the flock increases to the proposed number mentioned above, more ground will be taken in and more houses built, so that there will be plenty of room always.

Though in the midst of heavy woods, little trouble has been experienced from wild animals of any kind. The fence being high and tight, entrance by most of them is difficult. This security is enhanced by the presence of an excellent watch dog. Besides this the owners keep a close watch over their charge. Hawks annoyed the flock for a while, but a stuffed suit of clothes, well elevated, in two or three different portions of the enclosure, now renders visits from the "pouncers" very infrequent.

The soil here is not of the most fertile character. But within a very few years this ten-acre tract will become as productive as the best of the val-

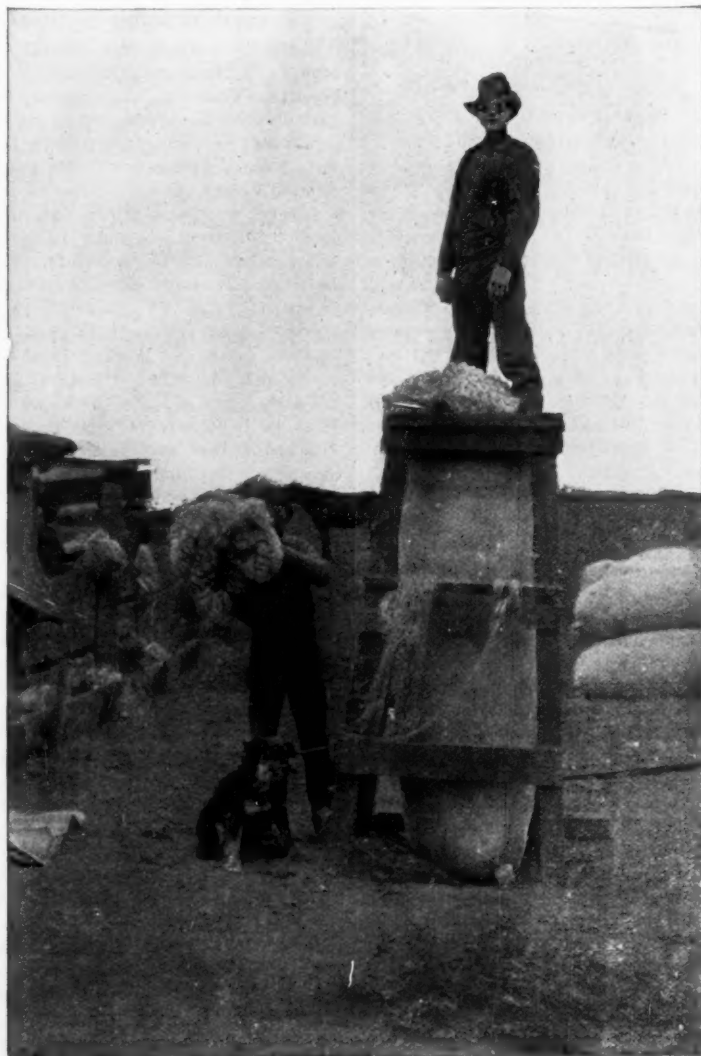
ley land, and for many things it will probably prove superior. A careful admixture of hen guano, aided by German skill in gardening, will work wonders in a short period if the time comes when it will be better, for any reason, for Mr. Goldschmidt to transfer his hen ranch to an adjoining tract, which, of course, he will soon be able to purchase from the profits of his present business. Later on Mr. Goldschmidt will be able to give to the public some astonishing and instructive figures regarding his poultry business. —*Tucuma Ledger.*

WATER IN THE BLACK HILLS.

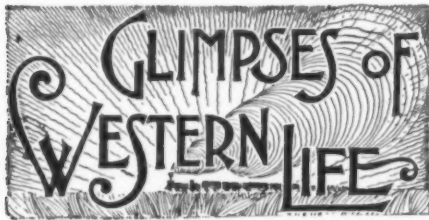
Among the many blessings and advantages enjoyed by the Black Hills Country few are of greater importance than its bountiful and excellent water supply. In the Limestone Range, which forms the "backbone" of the Hills, rise almost innumerable streams, which radiate in almost every direction, furnishing through the mineral-bearing region a splendid water supply for placer mining or for use in ore crushing and amalgamating. Many of the streams, in their course through the mineral belt, are large enough to furnish power to move heavy machinery. Thus stamp mills may be operated by the cheapest known power, and it may from this be readily understood how the low-grade gold ores of the Hills may be made to pay. Many of these streams run together ere reaching the foothills, from whence to the Cheyenne on the south and east, and the Belle Fourche on the north, they contain

large quantities of water, sufficient for irrigating vast tracts of country, if necessary, and to move the machinery of extensive mills and manufactories. The country from the foothills all round to the Belle Fourche and Cheyenne rivers, being so well watered, naturally offers the greatest of inducements to stock growers, and as the lands of this vast region are as fertile as those to be found anywhere on Uncle Sam's domain, it is a very paradise for the farmer. The Black Hills Country offers many advantages over other mineral, agricultural and pastoral regions, but, as we have said, none of greater importance than its water supply. —*Rapid City Journal.*

TIMBER LANDS CHEAP.—By an act of Congress passed recently, surveyed public lands of the United States chiefly valuable for stone or timber may be purchased in quarter-sections \$2.50 per acre. Any person desiring to avail himself of the provisions of this act shall file with the register of the proper land district a written statement in duplicate designating, by legal subdivisions, the particular tract of land he desires to purchase, setting forth that the same is unfit for cultivation and valuable chiefly for its timber and stone; that it is uninhabited, contains no mineral, and that he does not apply to purchase the same on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his own exclusive use and benefit; and that he has not made any agreement or contract with any person by which the title he might acquire from the Government will inure to any person except himself.



SACKING WOOL FOR SHIPMENT, MONTANA.



A Cobweb and Bubble Party.

The Carrington (N. D.) *Independent* speaks of a cobweb and bubble party as the social event of the season. "Everyone present got badly tangled up in the cobweb and had lots of fun extricating themselves. Andy Parker took the prize for blowing the largest bubble. After the best of refreshments had been served the party broke up, each one feeling as they wended their way home that it had been one of the most enjoyable evenings of their lives."

A South Dakota Courtship.

Mrs. Sarah Blumfield, an Ohio woman who has recently taken up a Dakota claim and incidentally interested a large number of Dakota bachelors, rashly tells a friend of her first Western proposal.

It was an elderly, wealthy and influential citizen who stalked into the lady's little kitchen one morning without the formality of an introduction and blurted:

"Say, miss, you don't want to get married today, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't"—emphatically.

"No 'fense, I hope, mum."

"Not at all, sir. Good morning."

That's the way they do things in South Dakota.

In the Woolly West.

A Minister. There is some talk of a preacher coming here soon. He is a student and a pilgrim. We overheard some remarks on the street as to what would be done to welcome him. One fellow proposed that each one of us should throw off ten dollars in the first game of poker; another thought the bar tender might give him Maryland rye whiskey instead of forty-rod. These suggestions are just the outcome of ignorance. What we want to do is to get up a procession headed by ourself and other prominent citizens and when the coach arrives we will meet it and present the minister with a new cartridge belt and a pair of six-shooters. Subscriptions toward this worthy purpose will be received at this office. —*Teton Times*.

The Trials of a Boniface.

A story is "told in the Hills" of the early days of Rapid City, on John Brennan, the proprietor then and now of the Harney House, one of the largest hotels in the Black Hills.

Help was very scarce at that time, and for a while Mr. Brennan was obliged to fill the position of proprietor, manager, day clerk, night clerk, bell boy, head waiter, waiter, cook and scullion. Some say he also acted as chambermaid for a day or two, but that is adding conjecture to fact.

One day a fastidious drummer dropped gracefully into the dining room and ordered a rare steak. John took the order, went to the kitchen door and bawled it to "the cook." Then stepping around thro' another door, he tackled the job himself. In ten minutes it was served, and a kick registered—"steak too well done."

"Blast that cook, he thinks 'cause we're short o' help he can cook to suit himself. But we'll get a new one in a few days. I'll take that steak back and make him get up another one to suit you."

John strode to the kitchen door and roasted the cook till he (John) was black in the face. Then

he slipped around and was soon industriously preparing another steak. To Mr. Brennan's credit it must be added that his patrons were fairly well served, and few complaints were made—something that can't be said of many hotels where the help is so numerous that the proprietors' families live elsewhere. H.

A Fur Seal Pup from Cypress Island.

About noon yesterday a small procession formed near the water front and took up a line of march on P Avenue. Captain Morley was a conspicuous figure, and trotting slightly behind him was a dusky brother, who carried a smile that reached from ear to ear and seemed to endanger the bones in the back of his neck. The captain, too, was pleased, for he had just struck a bargain with the slush for a handsome pup fur-seal, which had been caught on the rocks off Cypress Island. The Indian carried the treasure clasped tightly to his bosom, and the pup appeared to enjoy the tender embrace. At the Vendome a halt was made and the seal taken into the barroom, where the captain flipped a couple of dollars into the slush's hands, and the eager crowd proceeded to make the acquaintance of the newly found pet. The seal is nearly full grown and is a handsome animal. Its eyes are bright and its coat the softest imaginable, and as our P Avenue druggist stroked the back of the animal, he remarked that it was "no wonder the Indian embraced the pup." In color it is gray with black spots on the back, the breast and belly being light gray and white. Captain Morley will build a tank and keep the animal on exhibition at his headquarters. —*Anacortes American*.

Sad State of Western Husbands.

The social outcasts of the West are the husbands. There is an impression in the virtuous West that when a man gets married he should be content with his wife's society and long for no amusement beyond playing with the children. Young men are petted until they are spoiled, and married women have their afternoon parties; but a married man is only expected to come home promptly at meal-times and carefully wipe his feet, if muddy, on the door-mat. The Western married man has no standing in society except by his wife's side. The men who "run" the towns are seldom seen at the parties which are managed by their unmarried clerks. In the old courtly days a man and wife had a social individuality; but when a man attends a social gathering in the West, he is expected to seat himself beside his wife and behave as well as he can, to the end that people may understand that he is not only fond of the worthy woman at home, but in company as well. If a married man should attend a Western social affair without his wife, he would be very apt to be approached by a married woman, who would ask him in an audible whisper, "Where is your wife?" and there would be a certain something in the woman's tone indicating that he ought to be ashamed of himself for being there under such circumstances. I once knew a gay young husband to exhibit a paper, signed by his wife, to the effect that he was at the party alone with her knowledge and consent.

The men who have made the West and who are interesting have no social side in the strictest sense. Western society is made up of young people, who are always more or less uninteresting except from the standpoint of good looks. A middle-aged man who attends a social affair in the West is looked upon as an oddity, so firmly rooted is the impression that as soon as a man marries he ought to retire from everything except business. Very few Western men possess any of the social graces, although they are noted for shrewdness in business and politics. Our idea of society is that it is an institution for bringing about marriage; after the marriages take place

the contracting parties are expected to retire. In very good society in the West—I mean gatherings of people that would be creditable anywhere in point of appearance and conduct—you will find girls who work as clerks, and many of them reigning favorites, in opposition to the idle daughters of rich parents. This is the exception, however, rather than the rule.—*E. W. Howe, in September Forum*.

His Journalistic Career.

It was no commonplace country paper that Mr. Hawthorne Sowders represented at the Republican National Convention. Hardly. An eight-page journal that wields political influence with the same sublime disregard of private interests that Ole Olson wields his woodsman's axe, and carries in its editorial columns the political fate of every aspirant to a Corker County office, and has a new power press and a working force of five persons,—editorial, mechanical and devilish—such a publication, Mr. Sowders would have told you, is no ordinary rural sheet.

"Sowdy," as his college chums called him, had some months before the convention become possessed of the idea that journalism was the one thing in life for which he was fitted. Perhaps he was right; but subsequent events proved one thing clearly—journalism was not fitted for Hawthorne Sowders. At least not the j. of modern times.

A rather brilliant college career must be held responsible for the unfortunate enlargement of Sowdy's cranium that pained his old friends at home on his return. The old place had evidently lost its attraction for him. His sisters pleaded in vain for the favor of his escort to a dance at a neighboring farmhouse. The blooded stock that once had been his special pride were never looked at now; but cooped up in his room, Hawthorne Sowders, with rumpled hair and knitted brows, toiled almost unceasingly that the people of this benighted land might trouble themselves no more on one great question, at least—he was solving the tariff problem, that hoodoo of statesmanship; that nightmare of politics.

A frightful quantity of grey-matter Hawthorne must have consumed in the preparation of that article, and at the end of a week it was complete—ready for the grateful world which he knew to be thirsting for its contents. Just at this juncture a flourishing bull announced its presence on the back of Sowdy's neck, and, after the precious (written) article had been mailed to the principal daily newspaper of that section, stimulated by the fever of his impatience, grew with it day by day, until life to Hawthorne Sowders became as a top-heavy burden. His mother soothed him with the assurance that real genius was always accompanied by afflictions, and cited as an instance the case of a neighbor of her youth who was taken down with the ague just as he had finished inventing a wonderful churn. Several times a day Sowdy would ask if his younger brother "Fenn." had returned with the mail. But Fennimore went and came, and went and came some more, but no consolation did he bring his despairing brother, who was mulcted in the sum of twenty-five cents for each and every trip.

But this agonizing suspense was at last ended—by the return of his manuscript; the grovelling, unappreciative mind of the editor having failed to recognize its merit. Sowdy, however, soon recovered from this shock, and directed his attention, as far as its location would permit, to the slowly convalescing bull.

There is a well established theory that a good, old-fashioned bull is productive of that variety of determination usually described as grim. The facts in this case bear out that theory. Freed at last from his tormentor, Sowdy strode forth into the world again, determined to do or die as a newspaper man of the loftier persuasion. The

Corker County *Torch* seemed to offer the only available field, to be sure, just at this time, but it might prove a useful stepping stone, and he accordingly sought the editor. That gentleman, after Sowdy's influential old father had urged him as a favor to give the young man a place, made him local editor, with restricted powers. And Sowdy applied himself to the task of collecting items in a country town, while within his manly bosom there rankled a feeling of indignation that such talents as his should be put to such base uses. But he did fairly well, nevertheless. He had the faculty of putting a scholarly finish to the paragraphs he wrote, which to some extent made up for the scarcity of the unimportant but readable and interesting matter that is the life of a country weekly. His strong inclination toward things political interfered somewhat with his assigned duties and made him less useful. The experienced old editor tried to curb this tendency, seeing the lack of some very necessary qualities in the young man's makeup for a successful political writer. But in vain.

of humanity, in which he saw not a familiar face. He was as well dressed as any of them, and frequently reminded himself of the fact. As the day wore on and the noon hour approached, Sowdy suddenly thought of the morning papers. It was an inspiration. Here he would get a clue to an idea of what he thought he wanted to find out. He struggled up to the Nicollet House newsstand and bought a *Tribune*, and inquired of the news vender where he could find a nice, quiet spot. Sowdy wanted to concentrate his intellectual forces and prepare for action. But there wasn't a quiet spot within the corporate limits of Minneapolis, he learned. Everything was to be had, on draught or otherwise, from ginger-ale to oratory a la Demosthenes; but no quiet spot.

Mr. Sowders' central idea was an interview with Gov. McKinley, the great tariff specialist, though that distinguished protectionist's views on that particular subject are matters of history. But Sowdy magnanimously admitted the possibility of his knowing a thing or two about something else; so, after giving himself a thorough

"So I am, sir; I represent the—the—"

Sowdy hesitated about announcing himself as a resident of a country town and a representative of a country weekly. His appearance, he knew, indicated something more pretentious; so he said, "the Chicago *Blanket*."

Then he glanced uneasily at the card in his hand, which he had not looked at before. He became panicky, and wanted a breath of fresh air. The elderly party was of the *Blanket* staff.

Sowdy took a turn around several blocks before he ventured to approach any one else. He felt that his nerves were in such a horrible state that nothing less than a sherry cobbler would quiet them and restore his courage. But it was a valuable lesson.

A fairly good letter, made up principally from the Minneapolis daily that had the least circulation in Corker County, appeared two days later under the *Torch's* boldest, flamingest headlines, and "From Our Special Correspondent." It was Sowdy's last resort, to save a humiliating report



INDIAN CANOES AT SEATTLE ON THEIR WAY TO THE WHITE RIVER HOP FIELDS.

Then came the convention at Minneapolis. The editor had planned to attend that great event in person, but on the day he was to start he had a rheumatic attack that turned the cold-water hose on all his hopes in that line. A representative he must have, and Sowders was the only one about the shop available for the trip. So Sowdy went. He went, full to the top of his high collar of enthusiasm and the importance of his mission; full to his eyebrows of confidence in his natural ability to do the thing as it ne'er was done before; full to the hat-mark in his brown Derby of gratitude for this opportunity. And so, on the morning of June 7, we find Hawthorne Sowders, city editor of the Corker County *Torch*, of Corker City, Minnesota, in a new, stylish summer suit, with a seventy-five-cent Russian leather note-book and gold-tipped pencil, standing at the corner of the West Hotel.

He was there. All there, except his stock of confidence, which had meanly deserted him on his arrival in the Flour City that morning, when he found himself but the merest atom in a vast sea

inspection in the wash-room of the Nicollet, and swallowing a claret-lemonade for his courage, he resolutely started on the war-path. The Buck-eye statesman could not be seen, he was informed at the Ohio quarters. He was told, however, when it would be possible, and made a note of the time in his Russian leather book. As he was leaving, a middle-aged man of small stature and unpretentious raiment addressed him quietly with a question as to "how work was opening up."

Hawthorne Sowders' head was instantly thrown haughtily back, his eye-glasses were re-adjusted most impressively, and the modest little man was subjected to a survey from a very dizzy height. The surveyor didn't appear pleased, but the surveyed was evidently not greatly disturbed.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance," remarked Sowdy in very chilly tones.

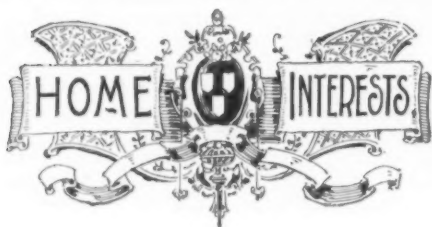
"Excuse me," drawled the other good-naturedly, handing him his card; "I thought possibly you might be a newspaper man."

of failure. Honesty was Sowdy's great redeeming virtue, and it was only after a long struggle with his conscience that he decided to do it. His instructions from the editor were unheeded at first, and forgotten completely when they would have been most useful.

Hawthorne Sowders returned to Corker City after one day at the convention, filled with grief, sick at heart, and crestfallen as a campaign plug hat after a night out. But he was a much—oh, a very much wiser young man. That may account for his resignation, tendered before his article was published.

It is with becoming modesty that Sowdy now tells his friends about the great men whom he saw at Minneapolis. He devotes his time to the care of his father's herd of fine cattle. But some day he'll be heard from thro' the public prints, and his "stuff" will be handled with great respect in the favored sanctum. For that strange disease, "cacoethes scribendi," has never left him.

HILDE.



The Difference.

To be a gentleman and to live like a gentleman ought to be the same; but in common acceptation they have no connection, are indeed often opposed. To be a gentleman means a great deal—far more than many who claim to be gentlemen have conception of. To live a gentleman refers generally to externals alone, to outside presentation, to keeping up appearances.—*Montesano (Wash.) Vidette.*

Carpenter and Joiner.

A certain minister recently discovered that his salary was not large enough for the support of an increasing family, and having had some experience in carpentry he began doing odd jobs for his parishioners. His business grew rapidly, and soon he hung a sign bearing the word "carpenter" in front of the parsonage. But in the early spring he bethought himself of the season of weddings and added another word to the sign. It now reads "Carpenter and Joiner."—*Colton (Wash.) News-Letter.*

Rice a Natural Food.

In view of the presence of cholera, we suggest that one of the safest articles of food is rice, simply boiled and used as a vegetable. Boil in plenty of salted water until the grain will crush under pressure, then throw into a colander, thus removing excess of water, season to taste and eat with butter or gravy. Used in this way it will be found equal to the best potato and eminently safer. Rice is the natural food in countries never entirely exempt from at least sporadic cases of cholera, and we may well take a hint from nature.—*Northwest Trade.*

The Pineapple as a Digestive.

Among the most wonderful discoveries of recent times is the effect of various vegetable products possessing digestive properties of an active character. The digestive property of the papaw has long been known and utilized. More recently it has been ascertained that the juice of the pineapple contains a very important digestive property, which is capable of digesting albumen and allied substances, not only in acid, but in nutritive alkali media, which gives to it the combined properties of the gastric juice and the pancreatic juice. This excellent fruit may be found a valuable aid in digestion. The coarse pulp is wholly indigestible, and only the juice should be swallowed. It should be taken only at mealtime.—*Good Health.*

Chinese Laundrymen.

The work of the Chinese laundrymen is well known for its perfection, and elicits frequent inquiry as to the secret of its excellence. It may be well to say that the true secret of their fine work is the unwearied patience with which they attend to every detail. Nothing can induce haste or impatience on their part. Hour after hour, day and night, they stand and labor at the bench, till the task is completed. The board which they use for the bosom is uncovered. Over it the shirt is adjusted, and immediately one-half the bosom and the plait is gone over with a wet cloth—a bit of old linen dipped in cold water. With the heel of his polishing iron, Sam then goes over the dampened portion, rubbing hard across till a slight polish is obtained. Then the moisture is

applied again, and the iron is rubbed up and down till that side is sufficiently polished, when the other half is done in the same manner. The bosoms are entirely dry before the Celestial begins to operate upon them, and it will be seen that his method does not differ very much from our own.—*Good Housekeeping.*

What a Bad Egg Is.

There is water a plenty in a fresh-laid egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer. As long as you can keep the air out of your egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but nobody has succeeded in keeping it out more than six days. It sounds funny, but the moment you give an egg fresh air that moment you ruin its health. People wonder why a bad egg is so positively obtrusive as to odor, but they shouldn't. What do they expect of a combination of putrid albumen, decayed cheese, sulphuric acid, carbonic acid gas, ammonia and ultra-rancid margarine set free? Honeysuckles?—*Superior Inland Ocean.*

Housework as an Exercise.

To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficent in result, than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that were ever invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive cheers the spirit. It gives women courage to go on living and makes things seem really worth while.—*Medical Record.*

Walter Besant's Strange Visitors.

I was traveling in Northumberland. The day I had spent in driving over a wild and lonely moor to a village set in the midst of it—a village built round the quadrangle of what had been a monastery. There was the old gate left; part of the buildings; part of the wall; the quiet village inclosed by the old wall; the convent chapel, now the parish church; there were only two or three hundred people living here; outside ran and babbled the trout stream with its high bank covered with bushes and brambles and wild flowers. All round stretched the moor. At the inn, where I took some tea or something, they talked to me about the past; the place was filled with echoes of the past; whispers and voices were heard at night, things had been seen in the bedrooms.

A wonderful place, nowhere else in England is there such a wonderful place. I drove back and spent the evening alone in my inn, reading certain books of the Queen Anne time, and at 11 o'clock went off to bed. My room was a very old room, and the inn itself was at least three hundred years old.

All this is introduction in order to show you why the thing that I saw took the shape that it did. For in the middle of the night I woke up suddenly and sat up startled. I found the room perfectly light; the door, which I had locked, flew open, and there walked in three ladies, dressed in the Queen Anne costume, with the pretty old stiff cardboard ornament of the head and everything. Never before had I understood how beautiful was the Queen Anne dress. The ladies sitting down on chairs round the fire (which was now burning merrily) began to talk, I knew not what they said. Suddenly—it shames me to confess the thing—I was seized with a horrid terror. I leaped from the bed, pulled back the curtains, and pulled up the blind. It was about three in the morning and twilight. Then I turned to my visitors; they slowly faded away. The light slowly went out of the room; the fire

slowly burned low, the figures slowly became faint; they slowly vanished. Who were they? Well. You see that I have seen things.—*Walter Besant, in Journal of Health.*

Is it Tomatoes?

There never was a more beautiful name for fruit or flower than that which France and Italy have given to our national vegetable, the tomato. Fancy trying to put this esculent into English verse! but what could be lovelier for song or rhythm than *pomme d'amour* or *pomod'oro*. Yet, though called apple of love in French and apple of gold in Italian, our constant tomato finds comparatively little favor in European gastronomy. For a long time it was thought little better than poison, probably because it contains strychnine, which certainly is a poison. Little, however, does the great American stomach care for such a component part as strychnine. Is there not poison in lots of things? Suppose certain physicians, heeding the example of Europe, do declare that it is injurious to the system, why pay attention to cranks who are finding death nowadays even in bread—bread, if you please, which is the staff of life. So the great American stomach goes straight on eating tomatoes raw and tomatoes farces in summer, and tomatoes stewed in tin cans all winter long, utterly regardless of criticism, ignoring even that Boston woman who after years of investigation came to the conclusion that the tomato as a food led to moral decadence.

According to this amateur scientist, tomatoes affect the brain in such a way as to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong. Is here the solution of that problem which corrugates the brow of thought? Merchants of a passing generation shake their heads at the present laxity of business honor. Clergy deplore the loose tone of society, and teachers bewail the insubordination of youth. Is the deadly tomato responsible for this alleged demoralization? If so, should not petitions be signed at once asking Congress to prohibit the planting of this human bane, and making non-compliance with the law a penitentiary offense? Here is a new outlet for the bottled zeal of Reform.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A Domestic Revolution.

The introduction of electricity into the culinary region is destined without doubt to work a complete change in housekeeping methods. Whether it will work as a gradual solution of the servant question cannot be guessed, but it is certain that the mistress of the house, left suddenly in the lurch, would find the situation less embarrassing in a house where heat for all purposes was to be obtained by the turning of a button, than where both cooking and heating were questions of ashes, cinders, heavy hods and blackened pots and kettles. The application of electricity to the lighting of streets and buildings has been an important feature in the progress of the last quarter of the century, but it is not a tithe as valuable to the race as the introduction of a heating apparatus which should be perfectly efficient and reliable, but which should be at the same time adjustable, adaptable, and comparatively inexpensive. In a climate like ours the application of electricity to house-heating would be of the utmost value. Once proved sufficient and dependable there could be no hesitation in adopting it, even although the first cost of putting it into a building should prove greater than that of a steam plant or a furnace. There would be no waste and no opportunity for extravagance excepting through the sheerest carelessness. The question of cost would count only at the outset, and it is reasonable to suppose that the expense of maintaining an apparatus would grow less from year to year, as is usual in the case of inventions which are innovations.

When we consider how completely electricity

has triumphed in the matter of transit, and how much its development in that direction has become a matter of course, it seems unreasonable to suppose that it cannot be applied with equal ease to these smaller and simpler affairs of life, which, commonplace as they are, constitute constant care and cost to every one of us. The disappearance of the fuel question from among the bugbears of domestic life would bring inexpressible relief to many a household. No longer would strikes in the coal fields, or fluctuations in the coal market bring furrows to the brow of the provider. Just now we stand agape at the notion of broiling beefsteak with the pressure of a button, but there is nothing so wonderful in all this as the invention of the telephone, and no reason why we should not accept it and welcome it to the center of our family life, as cheerfully and promptly as we have done with other and more startling innovations.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

accepted as a pretext for liberties that may be dangerous and never fail to be damaging. It is the rule in the West for a young man to call on his affianced in the evening, and remain alone with her as long as he can make himself agreeable; very often he remains until long after midnight. The members of the girl's family regard it as a politeness to leave the pair to themselves; and not only the family, but the community, grants a certain license to engaged persons that would be shocking under other circumstances. This license is so generally recognized that once, when I was visiting in a very good family in Omaha, the oldest daughter appeared at the breakfast-table and told as a funny incident that while sitting on her lover's knee the night before, one of the female servants entered the parlor unexpectedly and caught her at it. The incident caused hearty laughter, though I remember that the girl's father was not present. The engage-

esteemed as one who has had no such experience. This alone is a sufficient reason why the custom is a bad one; and if we may judge from the kissing jokes in the newspapers, the custom of too much license between engaged persons is not confined to the West. It seems to be an American privilege.

Every engagement of marriage that comes to nothing is a libel on the sacred name of love: it makes every one of us think less of that which lies in our hearts next to hope. An old love affair that comes to nothing injures humanity as a black-slender injures the Church. The French carry their system too far one way; we carry ours too far the other. In nearly every newspaper or magazine article written by a woman you will find a sly thrust at the folly I am pointing out. George Eliot pointed it out as a great danger, in the statement that the happiest women are those who have no history. George Eliot meant what



AFTER THE HUNT BALL.—From the original painting by Julius L. Stewart, shown at the Minneapolis Exposition of 1890.

"After the Hunt Ball."

The engraving with the above title is from a painting shown at the Minneapolis Exposition of 1890 which attracted a great deal of attention and was much praised for its spirited figure drawing and its brilliant coloring. The artist is Julius L. Stewart and the price of the painting was \$3,000. We need scarcely add that the scene is a characteristic one of English country life and represents a ball on the evening following a fox hunt.

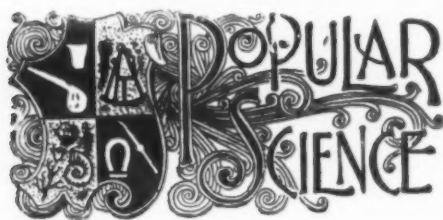
Too Much Freedom for Girls.

We of the West have been clamoring for liberty so long that at last we have too much of it; it is one of our most serious faults that we have confounded political liberty with social license. Our young people are allowed dangerous liberties in their intercourse with one another if the motive is believed to be marriage. Engagements are lightly entered into, and an engagement is

ment was finally broken off. Not long ago a society young man called on a young woman in my neighborhood, and when the mother entered the parlor the young man intimated that her presence there was an impertinence.

All this is excused on the favorite American theory that we are free and able to take care of ourselves. We do not believe that young men can take care of themselves in the presence of temptation and persuasion, but we seem to believe that young women can; therefore our parlors are too often loafing-places for men who use all their arts against the best interests of women and society. We have forgotten that nine-tenths of the unfortunate women of this country have been ruined by men to whom they were engaged to be married, and that a series of engagements under our system inevitably trains a woman downward. In no community in this country is a woman who has been engaged three or four times as highly

I mean: that every woman who has had a lover other than her husband has a history that will cause her trouble. Every mature woman knows that this is true; even a girl says less of her second engagement than of her first. Nature tells her that there is something wrong about it. The proportion of marriages in the West is gradually growing smaller. The notion that there is a scarcity of marriageable women in the West is a mistake. I live five hundred miles west of Chicago, and in my town there are certainly five women willing to marry to one man willing to marry. What is the matter? My opinion is that the men refuse to forgive the follies society says they must forgive. Their own experience has disgusted them with our system of marriages. The men are to blame, of course, but men would willingly be to blame for very much more than they are.—*E. W. Howe, in The Forum for September.*



Seven Thousand Miles a Minute.

A comet has recently appeared in the heavens which, according to Professor Barnard, is peculiar in that it possesses a complicated system of tails, instead of the single member characteristic of most comets. A photograph of the body shows at least a dozen distinct branches, or tails, spreading out from the head. One of these tails was formed, or projected, to a distance of about 10,000,000 miles in less than twenty-four hours, while another one entirely disappeared in the same time. Such inconceivable velocities only add to the mystery surrounding these strange visitors to our system, and raise the question whether they indicate an actual projection of matter, or the illumination, or rendering visible, of matter previously existing but unperceived by us.

A Geologically Remote Land.

In its life forms Australia is known to be strangely different from other lands, and reasons have appeared for looking upon it as a survival of the secondary and tertiary periods—a region that has grown old less rapidly than the rest of the world. "We know," observes a writer in *Science Gossip*, "that within the period called tertiary, gum trees, banksias, Moreton Bay pines, and other now distinctly native Australian trees, grew in England. In the secondary period the only warm-blooded mammals in Europe were marsupials, resembling those peculiar to Australia. Every now and then some new fossil mammal turns up, but it is almost certain to be of the Australian type. For instance, a large number of fossil mammalian bones have just been discovered in the tertiary strata in Patagonia, and they have been proved to be nearly related to the pouched or marsupial wolf (*Thylacinus*) of Tasmania."

The Land and Water of the Globe.

John Murray, a member of the Challenger expedition, and one of the highest living authorities on oceanography, estimates the area of the dry land of the globe at 55,000,000 square miles and the area of the ocean 137,200,000 square miles. He estimates the volume of the dry land above the level of the sea at 23,000,000 cubic miles. He fixes the mean height of the land above the sea at 2,250 feet, and the mean depth of the whole ocean at 12,480 feet. Of course, these results are only approximate, but they help to render our ideas of these matters more definite. Mr. Murray also estimates that the rivers of the world carry into the ocean every year two and one-half cubic miles of sediment. To this must be added the matter carried to the sea in solution, which is estimated at 1,183 miles of matter. Together, then, the amount of matter carried through the land each year is 3.7 cubic miles. It would thus, according to this calculation, take 6,340,000 years to transport the whole of the solid land down to the sea.

A New Process for Preserving Salmon.

The salmon preserving business has entered upon a new stage of prosperity by the perfecting of a process altogether better for the market than canning. In spite of the utmost care in packing boiled salmon into tins, much of the product when the tins are opened has a peculiar mustiness which is very remote in palatable qualities from positively fresh salmon caught and

cooked in the ordinary way. One of the proprietors of the Vulcan Works of San Francisco has brought into use a process of freezing salmon, presumably whole, but perhaps equally applicable to pieces of the fish, upon which, after being kept in the congealed state for a couple of weeks, the salmon is finally deposited in hermetically sealed cases. In this, meat and game may be treated by the freezing process with perfect confidence that putrefaction will not set in and that the contents of any case will be quite fresh when opened. Even the last of the Siberian mammoths when dug out of the ice on a river bank was in such fresh condition that the dogs ate the flesh. It may have been embedded in the ice of that region over a thousand years.

Diamond Mining in South Africa.

The De Beers and the Kimberley mines are probably the two biggest holes which greedy man has ever dug into the earth, the area of the former at the surface being 13 acres, with a depth of 450 feet, the area and depth of the latter being even greater, says Lord Randolph Churchill in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. These mines are no longer worked from the surface, but from shafts sunk at some distance from the original workings and penetrating to the blue ground by drifts at depths varying from 500 to 1,200 feet. The blue ground when, extracted, is carried in small iron trucks to the "floors." These are made by removing the bush and grass from a fairly level piece of ground; the land is then rolled and made as hard and as smooth as possible. These "floors" are about 600 acres in extent. They are covered to the depth of about a foot with the blue ground, which for a time remains on them without much manipulation. The heat of the sun and moisture soon have a wonderful effect upon it. The blue ground from Kimberley mine becomes quite well pulverized in three months, while that from De Beers requires double that time.

The Gospel of Good Health.

When the day is over, the shadows are falling and you seek your home, how do you greet the table? Do you lean back in weary exhaustion and press your hand over and over your head? Does the music of laughter jar upon your overstrained nerves, and slight noises cause you to start in fretful impatience?

If so, you are a brain-tired man, and you need physical culture to give vigor and tone to that part of your system which is so all-important as to either make or mar you. Take plenty of exercise.

The only cure for insomnia, that deadly foe of health and beauty, is physical culture. Ask Paddy the stonemason if he is troubled with a sleepless couch after running up a forty foot ladder for ten hours, and he will stare in astonishment at the inquiry. Then, if so, imitate Paddy and walk four miles a day, or eight, if need be, until sleep will literally haunt your pillow and refuse to be driven away.

Or, on the other hand, is your manly form becoming suspiciously stout, and you yourself plethoric, short of breath—a sort of "Pickwickian" resemblance in your face and figure? Again we emphasize "physical culture" as a certain preventive against unnecessary burdens of flesh.

Should you be called upon by some emergency to endure an unusual strain, whether of body or mind, this attention to your physical needs will then prove itself an ample compensation for any little trouble or fatigue it may have entailed upon you.

Yes, physical culture is closely connected with good health, good morals and longevity. It is the best improvement of our leisure, if we are following sedentary occupations.

At any rate, William Cullen Bryant practiced it until he was past eighty. Gladstone, to-day,

takes his never-failing bath, and sallies out to fell trees. John Erickson, though working fifteen hours a day, walked New York streets from ten o'clock P. M. until midnight for exercise.

And since God has given us bodies which demand development, lungs which cannot live without oxygen, and minds connected with both of them by subtle and manifold ties, it is our plain duty to take the necessary steps to apply these needs of our well-being.—*New York Ledger*.

Slowing Down Fast Trains.

George Westinghouse, Jr., the inventor of the air brake that bears his name, is very much interested in the attempts of railway companies to increase the speed of some trains. He said lately: "It is possible to make a locomotive, perhaps, which can run and draw a train at the rate of eighty miles an hour. That has been done. But it isn't a matter of getting speed so much as it is a question of slowing up. The problem of the future, so far as fast travel is concerned, is how to get trains under the quickest control when they are running at high rates of speed." Mr. Westinghouse went on to say that it had been demonstrated by experiments, conducted under his eye, that under the most favorable circumstances the best that a brake could do would be to slack a train at the rate of three and a half miles a minute. "Now," said he, "supposing a train is going at the rate of eighty miles an hour. The engineer sees a danger signal or an obstruction 1,000 feet ahead of him, which is about as far as signals can be observed with reliance. He applies the best possible brake under the best possible conditions and yet he will be running when he has passed over that 1,000 feet at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. So far as accident is concerned he might as well be running eighty. The disaster which would follow derailment or collision to a train running fifty miles an hour could be but little less than to one running eighty."—*N. Y. Press*.

A Natural Soap Plant.

The prickly pirate of the plains, the Mexican soap weed, is being converted rapidly into a delicious toilet soap by a West Bottoms Manufacturing Company. The soap weed since time began, or since the Kansas prairie was an inland sea, has thrust its roots deep in the soil of the unsheltered plains and flourished. There has been nothing until now to diminish the supply or exterminate the species. The hot sun, the baking winds and the dearth of that moisture which is supposed to be absolutely necessary to life harmed not this hardy sentinel plant of the plains. Wet or dry, hot or cold, its rapier-like blades, sharp as a cambric needle, radiated alike from a given spot on the surface of the earth.

The root of this weed is now being gathered up by men who drive their wagons over the plains of Western Kansas. A sharp spade is driven down deeply by the side of the plant, the earth is broken and the thick, brown root secured. The top, with its long spines, is thrown aside. Sometimes a long, sharp tool is required to reach deep into the ground in order to secure the greater part of the root. Like the prairie dog "it goes down to water." The root has been known to extend as far as twenty feet into the soil, but only from two to three feet of the upper portion, which is about two inches thick, is worth digging for. This root is brought by the wagon load to Kansas City, where a toilet soap company converts it into soap.

The roots are first washed, then cut up and boiled out in a big vat, where other ingredients are also placed. When this is dried out to such a degree that it will solidify it is moulded into semi-transparent cakes that slip around in the hands delightfully while being used. One of the most wonderful things about this weed is that

while growing in a region where alkali pools dot the ground and where the soil is white with the chemical, none of it is found in the root. Many of the poorer settlers who occupy "dug-outs" find the root in its natural state a panacea for many ills. They cut it into convenient pieces and use it as a cake of toilet soap.—*Kansas City Times*.

What is Electricity?

The fact that electricity, like heat, light and radiant chemical energy, is a manifestation of energy, has long been known, but up to the last four or five years scientists have been uncertain as to the manner in which energy existed in the electric current. The old idea of an electric fluid, which is still prevalent outside of scientific circles, served to mislead investigators. At present, however, the researches of such scientists as Hertz, Lodge, Crookes, Sir Wm. Thomson, and Tesla seem to have established the fact that electricity, like heat and light, is merely a vibration in the so-called "ether," which is believed to permeate all space. It is notable that all the original theories as to what we now call forms of energy, were materialistic. The Newtonian (corpuscular) theory of light, which

well to reverse this logic and declare: I disbelieve because it is so very convenient a theory, with nothing but its convenience to support it.—*Engineering News*.

Progress in Photography.

A map of the heavens is being prepared at a cost of £1,200,000 (which the leading nations have agreed to raise), as an example of what telescope photography can do. Instantaneous photography seems to have attained perfection, for it is now possible to fix the image of a cannon ball flying through the air. Even microbes are now being photographed. A young French chemist, M. Henri Courtonne, is credited with a new discovery, for which we have been looking to Mr. Edison. Sound being transmissible by telephone, M. Courtonne argued by a rigorous analogy that light might be transmitted, too. As the telephone consists of a transmitter, a wire and a receiver, so there was reason to believe that these three organs might be adopted for transmitting light vibrations, and for this purpose the transmitter and receiver should be prepared chemically for receiving and giving out light instead of sound vibrations. This was

ited his powers at country fairs in Provence, and came to Paris in 1880, where Broca presented him to the Society of Anthropology. Inaudi is twenty-five, robust, but small of stature, his height being hardly five feet. There is nothing peculiar about the formation of his head and the facial angle is ninety degrees. His ears project, his sight and hearing are normal, his countenance is slightly unsymmetrical, intelligent, and very open. His memory for colors and places is rather below the average and for words is still more so, but he can repeat twenty-five to thirty figures in the same or in the inverse order to that given. Moreover, he can remember them for several days. He can pick up a number consisting of twenty-four figures in fifty-nine seconds. He does so best by ear, having only learned to read four years ago, and he repeats it to himself. His additions and subtractions are from left to right, his multiplications are done by decomposing the operation into several others, and his problems in roots or algebra by tentative efforts. None of his family shows the same aptitude as in his case, and this has been a good deal sharpened by practice. He did not employ pebbles or his fingers or other visible symbols to perform his sums. His



HYDRAULIC MINING FOR GOLD IN MONTANA.

was the generally accepted one for half a century, was that light was an effect produced by an incessant fire of infinitesimal but material cannonballs thrown off in all directions from the light-giving body. Heat was a material something stored in the pores of the visible body. Electricity was a "fluid." All these assumed material substances have been shown to be non-existent, and not necessary to explain the phenomena. But there still remains one grave difficulty with the latter theories. The notion of a material ether itself is almost as contrary to what we know of the nature of other matter as the corpuscular theory of light, and almost as much a mere evolution of the scientific inner consciousness, to explain what is otherwise inexplicable. We have not a particle of direct evidence to prove that there is a substance with properties such as we assign to this ether. We have only to eliminate the notion of a material ether, as we have eliminated the notion of material light particles, and we shall be down to hard pan! "I believe because it is impossible," the old monk declared. The modern scientific man, possibly, would do

done by substituting sensitized photographic plates for the ordinary telephone plate. One of the plates was placed in front of an aperture through which an image was cast, and this image has been forwarded by wire and has been seen at the other end. The first apparatus was very imperfect, and M. Courtonne having heard that Mr. Edison was on the track of a similar discovery, resolved to publish his experiments, a description of which he, however, sent to the Academy in 1889. This letter is only to be opened at the sender's request.

The *Figaro* says the consequences of the telephotography cannot be over estimated. Tomorrow, it says, you will see in Paris the image of a man smoking in St. Petersburg.—*London News*.

The Latest Mathematical Prodigy.

According to the report of the commission of the Academie des Sciences appointed to consider the case of Jacques Inaudi, the "calculating boy," it appears that he had no education and that his talent revealed itself to him at the age of six. After astonishing his relatives he exhib-

operations were mental and performed by means of words—the names of numbers from one to one hundred, which his brother recited to him. With the numbers he knew he proceeded to calculate, and when he had exhausted them, he asked to be taught the numbers exceeding one hundred. At the age of seven, he says, he could multiply five figures in his head. He was taken in hand by a showman, and made his first appearance in Paris in 1880, being presented to the Society of Anthropology by Broca. At the age of thirteen he was still innocent of reading and writing. He can carry on a conversation, while performing his mental process. After a very short interval he says, "I have done," and gives the solution. He can multiply by each other numbers composed of eight or ten figures. He can tell how many seconds there are in an arbitrarily chosen number of years, months, days, and hours. He will add in a few seconds seven numbers, each composed of eight or ten figures; he will rapidly find the square or cube root of a number containing twelve figures; he can extract as well the sixth or the seventh root.

IN THE PALOUSE COUNTRY.

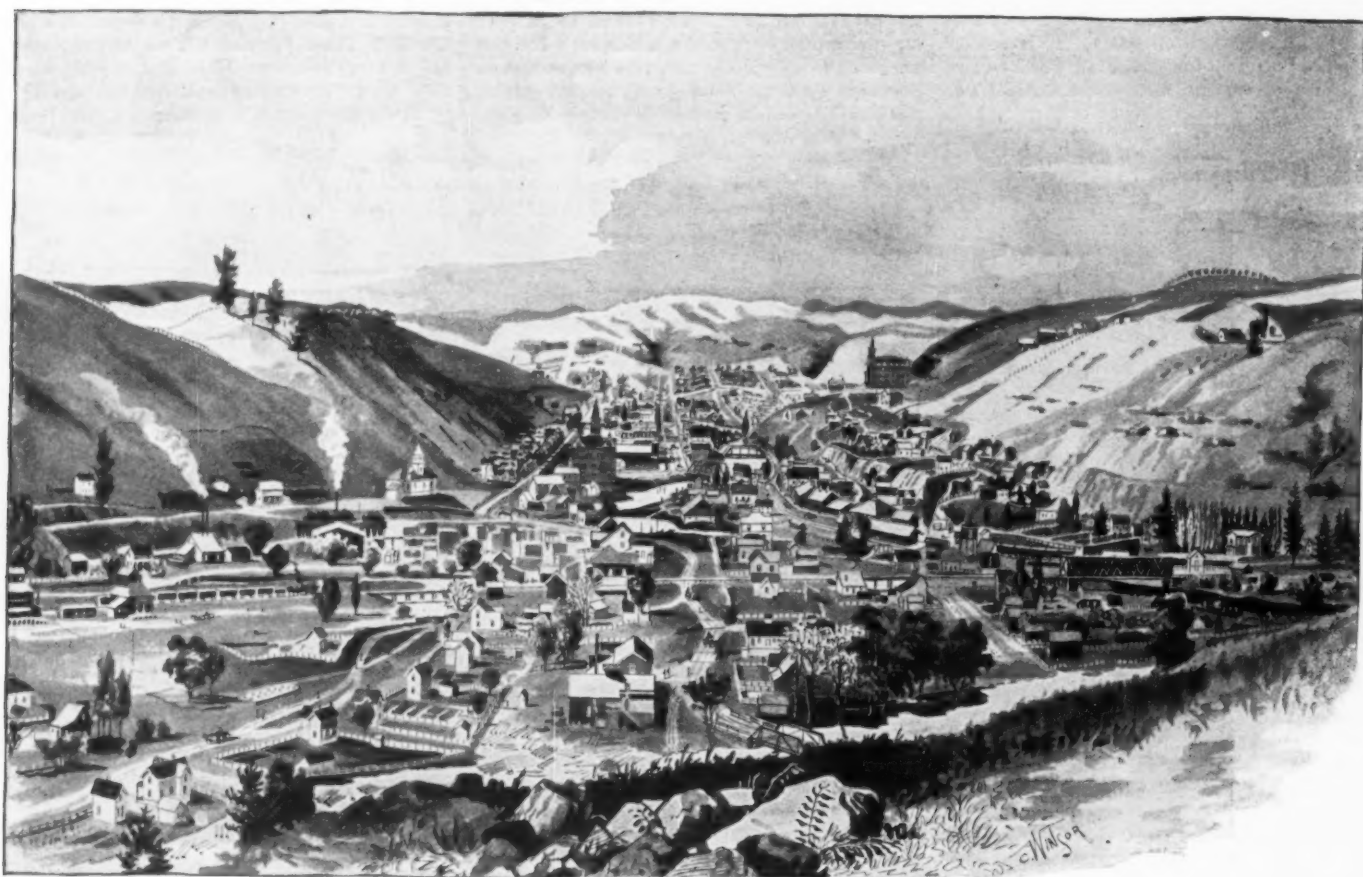
Colfax, the Capital of Whitman County and the old Trade Center of the Palouse.

Whitman County covers the whole of the Palouse Country except that part of it near the mountains which laps over into Northern Idaho. It is one of the richest farming countries in the United States—full of active towns and abundantly furnished with railways. Last year it produced 10,750,000 bushels of wheat, 1,200,000 bushels of barley, 800,000 bushels of oats, 500,000 bushels of flax-seed and 200,000 bushels of rye. Besides, it produced cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, fruit and vegetables. Yet its population in 1890 is only 22,569. It is safe to say that no like number of people in any other part of the country

monstrated, however, and the settlers were able to attract the attention of railway builders to the possibilities which lay latent in that region. The Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company joined in constructing a branch from the N. P. main line to Colfax in 1882. This road brought thousands of new settlers into Whitman County. It passed into the hands of the latter company and from it to the Union Pacific and was extended in two prongs from Colfax, one of them reaching Moscow, in Idaho, and another halting at Farmington, near the Idaho line. Later came the N. P. branch from Spokane, penetrating the Palouse Country from north to south. Then the U. P. bridged the Snake River at Riparia and made a connection with its lines in the Walla Walla Country, opening a new route to Portland, and also extended its system to Spokane and built a

growth, combined in the best possible proportions for continued production of small grains. Nature at the same time gave the region a peculiar climate of long, bright, sunny summer days, with rainfall mainly in the month of June when most needed for the maturing of the wheat plant. A climate, too, that is favorable to health and to out-door labor. No wonder, then, that a class of enterprising farmers flocked in to take possession of this favored land.

The two forks of the Palouse River, each heading in the Idaho mountains, join at Colfax. Here was evidently a good site for a town and this was perceived by the two pioneers, J. A. Perkins and T. J. Smith, who took up the land on which the town now stands in 1870. Mr. Perkins built the first house and engaged in farming. Mr. Smith did not stay by the place but removed to another part of the county and his interest



GENERAL VIEW OF COLFAX, WASHINGTON.

ever raised such an enormous agricultural product in a single year. Almost as striking a fact as this vast output of farming wealth in proportion to population, is this, that the entire development of the country has been made in about twenty years. Prior to 1875 it was an open question among the handful of settlers who had come to this part of Eastern Washington because of its luxuriant pasturage whether it would ever be a farming district. Indeed, no wheat was shipped out of Whitman until 1876, when about 10,000 bushels were hauled to the Snake River and sent to Portland. This grain was portaged around the rapids in the Columbia at Celilo, reshipped on steamboats, portaged again around the greater obstacle to navigation at The Dalles—in both places by narrow-gauge railroads, and then reshipped on other boats to Portland. The freight was eight dollars a ton and this left the farmer only about twenty-five cents a bushel for his crop. The value of the vast rolling bunch grass plains for wheat culture was de-

second line across Whitman County north of Colfax. At the present time the lines of the two great transcontinental roads ramify to all parts of the best grain region, so that there is now no village in the country that has not at least one railroad, while many have two.

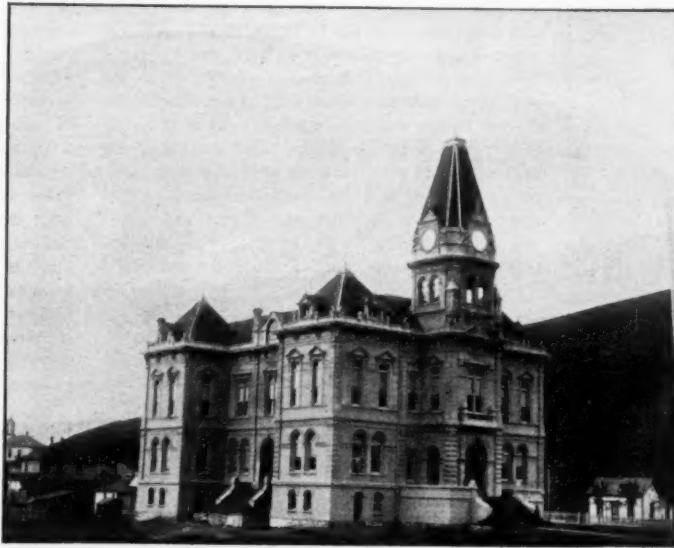
In reality the great farming development of Whitman, which now turns out for market ten or twelve millions of bushels of wheat a year, is a matter of the last ten years and dates back only to the advent of the first railroad. It is needless to add that this phenomenal development could have but one basis—a soil of remarkable fertility. Nature has deposited on these Palouse hills and in the little valleys and draws which lie between them, a deep, dark-grey soil, composed of decomposed basalt, which has no equal in grain making qualities except in the region lying at the base of Mount Etna, on the island of Sicily. Scientists say that this soil contains the phosphates and silicates and the vegetable loam from myriads of years of grass

passed into the hands of H. S. Hollingsworth. The first store was opened in the fall of the same year by Warren Whitecher. Next year another store was started by Joseph Davenport and D. Woolford. A flouring mill was built in 1873 by John C. Davenport. I have not the date at hand of the first sawmill, but it was of at least equal importance to the building up of a town with the stores and a flouring mill, for logs were run down the Palouse from the mountains, and the point where the early settlers could get lumber for their houses and barns was the point to which they went to buy their supplies. Lumber is always a main factor in the development of a trade center in a new country. The North Branch of the Palouse is a narrow winding stream, that would hardly be called a river in regions where streams abound, but is wide enough and deep enough to carry logs, and Colfax is indebted to it for much of its original prosperity. Five million feet of pine logs are now brought down by it every year for sawing at the mills of the town. The river

renders the further service of turning the wheels of the flour mill, and this was also of importance in helping the new settlement along. Whitman County was organized in 1871, and when the first election was held in 1872 there were only 300 votes cast. Colfax was made the county seat. The existence of this place is thus easily explained. At the forks of the river in a pretty valley there was a convenient space for buildings. The stream brought logs to be sawed and ran the grist mill. The farmers came in to get their wheat ground and buy lumber. It was a convenient meeting place for country roads. Stores were opened, county seat business was transacted, population steadily increased, mechanics set up their shops, and finally came the iron horse to fix the destiny of the little frontier hamlet and convert it into a prosperous center of trade, of banking, of wheat buying, of local manufactures, of education and of all the adjuncts of modern civilized life. Now the four grain warehouses and the elevator of Colfax load on cars over 1,500,000 bushels of wheat each year, besides 200,000 bushels of barley and 100,000 bushels of oats. The amount of general business transacted is so large that the gross money value of the various exchanges is estimated at \$7,000,000 a year.

The population of Colfax is now about 2,300 and its assessed valuation is about \$2,243,870, which gives the significant result of almost \$1,000 of property for every man, woman and child. Now remember that this is a new country and that wealth has not been derived from the discovery of mines or from any speculative source, but has been taken out of the soil or accumulated in the legitimate branches of trade with a farming community. Colfax is a rich town in comparison with old towns in the East that have been a century or more engaged in accumulating property, and yet it has had practically but one source of wealth—the fertility of the region lying around it. Its people came in as poor settlers in a wild, new country. They inherited nothing from the past.

Colfax is 345 miles northeast of Portland, Oregon, and 88 miles southwest of Spokane, Washington, and its trade is with those two cities and with Tacoma and Seattle, on Puget Sound. It is built in a narrow valley, and the hills close at hand which hem the valley in have compelled a compact, city-like growth not often seen in new Western towns. The business street is substantially built and the stores are mostly large brick edifices filled with big stocks of goods. The most conspicuous structure is the new court house which cost \$180,000 and which is said to be the finest building of the kind in Washington. A Baptist college and a high school represent advanced education. In the public schools there are now about 700 children enrolled. Colfax has an opera house, a public library, a hospital and churches of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Catholic,



WHITMAN COUNTY COURT HOUSE, COLFAX.



COLFAX.—J. H. BELLINGER BLOCK.



COLFAX HIGH SCHOOL.

[From photos by Dixon & Canfield.]

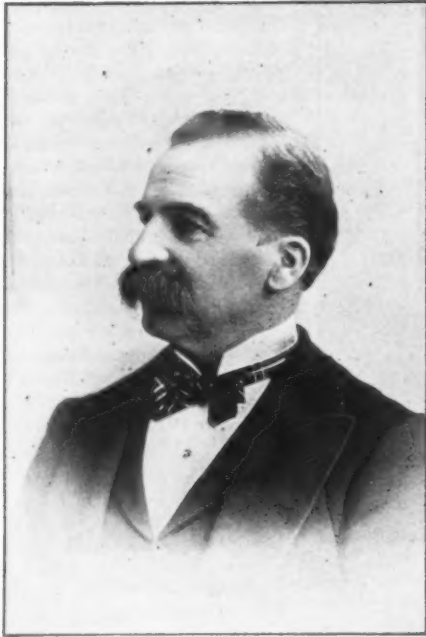
Christian and Congregational denominations. Her manufacturing concerns are foundries, machine shops, tile works, brick yards, saw and planing mills, flour and feed mills and an electric light plant. The local telephone system is connected with the most extensive long distance telephone system to be found anywhere in the far West. This was originated by a Colfax editor, who bought of the Government certain military telegraph lines and made them the basis of a system which now reaches almost every village and town in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. You can go into the Colfax central office and talk with Walla Walla, Spokane, Moscow, Lewiston, Wallace, Wardner or any one of twenty or thirty other points.

The waterpower of the Palouse River is used to only a very small extent and is capable of large development. It invites the attention of manufacturers. Besides the power in the town there are others along the river in the immediate vicinity which could be cheaply utilized.

The newspapers of the town are the *Gazette* and the *Commoner*. They are large, well-printed sheets, covering carefully the news field of Whitman County and representing ably the two national political parties. They are doing excellent service in making known the resources and advantages of the Palouse Country.

The wheat fields come down over the hills in to the suburbs of Colfax. The fact that 25 bushels to the acre is regarded here as a poor crop, and from 30 to 40 bushels as only a fairly good crop tells the whole story of the prosperity of Colfax and of Whitman County. Most of the farmers have apple orchards and plum and cherry trees, but the fruit belt proper lies about fifteen miles south of the town in the deep, warm valley of the Snake River, where the north winds cannot penetrate. From the little strip of arable land between the basaltic cliffs and the river 100,000 boxes of peaches were shipped this season. The freight department of the Northern Pacific Railroad is making special efforts to further develop this industry by giving such rates as will open the markets of St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Washington fruit growers. The field was thoroughly examined by a leading St. Paul fruit house last summer and directions given to the growers as to the best methods of of packing to secure good condition and prompt sale in Eastern markets. The road provides refrigerator cars and makes rates that now enable the Washington growers to compete with the long-established fruit concerns of California.

The remarkable increase of wealth in Whitman County is



HON. J. A. PERKINS, OF COLFAX.



J. H. BELLINGER, OF COLFAX.

shown by the following figures of the assessed value of property:

1888	\$7,085,326
1889	\$7,338,776
1890	\$11,230,886
1891	\$16,683,724
1892	\$19,835,110

An increase of over three millions in one year is a wonderful record. The per capita wealth of the county is \$975, and as the assessment is on the basis of only 60 per cent. of actual value it appears that the real amount of property per individual averages over \$1,600. The recent assessor's statistics show that there are only 37 persons in the county over the age of 15 who cannot read and write, so that the percentage of illiteracy is less than one-tenth of one per cent. This statement is an index to the character of the population of the county. The great majority of Whitman County people are intelligent Americans—wide-awake, reading and thinking people of the best type of the independent American farmer. The population of the town is made

up almost wholly of enterprising, progressive men and their families, who take the newspapers and magazines and are in line with the march of ideas. They migrated to the Pacific slope because they had informed themselves fully about the conditions here and knew that their chances for success in life would be a great deal better than they could hope to make them in their old homes. You will have to search a long time before you will find one that is disappointed with the results of the change, and if you find such a one a little inquiry will convince you that the trouble lies in some fault of character and not in



S. J. CHADWICK, MAYOR OF COLFAX.



EUGENE K. HANNA, OF COLFAX.

any opportunity to carve out a satisfactory career. The main-spring of purpose is weak or there is some screw loose in the intellectual or moral machine.

Colfax is anxious to secure a Northern Pacific line in order to have the benefit of competition between two railroad companies. A route has been surveyed for the Spokane and Palouse branch of the N. P. and when times become more favorable for the sale of railway bonds in Eastern financial centers there is little doubt about the construction of the road. Colfax is

too important as a traffic point for the N. P. managers long to permit it to remain in the undisputed possession of their rival, the Union Pacific. An N. P. connection would give Colfax wheat shippers a choice of seaport markets between Portland and Tacoma, and be of marked advantage to the general trade of the city.

Colfax is an attractive place. The business streets show thrift and prosperity. On the residence streets most of the dwellings have well-kept lawn and flower beds. Nearly all the streets are shaded. The river runs through the heart of the place. The slopes of the adjacent hills are graceful in their forms, and whether covered with waving grain or with grass thickly strewn with the golden blossoms of the wild sunflower and the blue of countless lupins, they are pleasing backgrounds for the landscapes. The town is evidently destined to keep up indefinitely its steady pace of growth. This wonderful Palouse Country is bound to support a dense population in the future, for it will be impossible to keep in large farms for many years land that yields every year a profit equal to its present selling value. The large farms will be cut up into small ones and fruit growing and mixed farming will take the place of exclusive grain farming, and supplement the profits of the wheat fields and the barley fields. As the central town and convenient market place of a large part of the Palouse, Colfax must add constantly to its population and business. It has never gone wild with a fever of speculation and has consequently not been obliged to sober down through a season of dullness and depression. The spirit of its citizens is quiet and conservative and the town has always kept all it has gained, holding firmly its ground after every forward movement.

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON ROCK.—One of our Colfax illustrations represents a curious rock which stands on the brow of a hill a little north of the town. It is composed of basalt and the action of time has carved one side of it into a resemblance to a woman's face. The popular name for this singular formation is the Martha Washington Rock.

PARAGRAPHERD IN COLFAX.

COLFAX COLLEGE.—Colfax is well supplied with good schools. In this issue we present an engraving of Colfax College, a worthy and popular educational institution. It is well located on high and slightly ground overlooking the entire city. It offers to the student seeking knowledge and a better equipment for his life's work, four regular courses of study—the Classical, Latin Scientific, Normal and Commercial courses. The Classical offers an opportunity for thorough development of the mental powers. It is one especially recommended to all who intend adopting any of the professions; it requires four years of faithful work to complete, and leads to the degree of B. A. In the Latin and Scientific courses the Greek is omitted and not much Latin is required. Two years in this course is required and the degree, B. S., is granted students on finishing. The design of the Normal course is to prepare teachers to take up the work of teaching in the common schools of the State. Diplomas, but not degrees, are granted at its completion. The business course explains itself. Diplomas are granted in this course. The Board of Instruction is composed of F. N. English, A. M., president and teacher of languages and sciences; Mrs. F. N. English, mathematics and English; Miss Lillian Blair, Ph. B., mathematics and higher English; Wm. English, principal of business department; Mrs. Geo. H. Newman, vocal and instrumental music; Prof. Wm. English, secretary of Faculty. The college has an ex-

cellent reputation and is largely attended by students from all parts of the State.

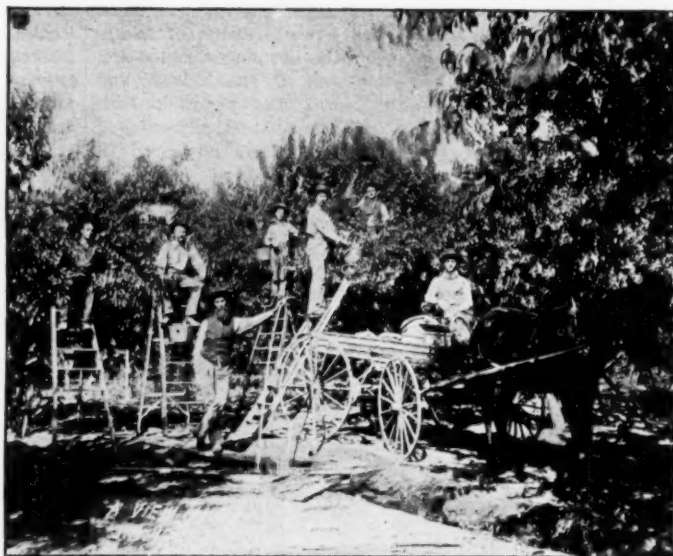
DIXON & CANFIELD, PHOTOGRAPHERS OF COLFAX.—All the engravings of Colfax in this number of *THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE* are from photographs taken by Messrs. Dixon & Canfield of that city. They are exceedingly clever in all their work and especially is this so as regards landscape photos and out door work of all kinds. But it must not be understood that while they excel in this branch of the art, they are not proficient in face and figure photos; for, as a matter of fact, they do superior work of all kinds, and the citizens of Colfax are convinced that no better work is produced on the coast. They have a large list of Palouse Country scenes constantly on hand, orders for which they will fill promptly and at reasonable prices.

BANK OF COLFAX.—The Bank of Colfax is the pioneer bank of the city, having been established since 1878, and is one of the most substantial financial concerns in Whitman County. It is a private bank and is owned by James A. Perkins and David T. Williams. They do a general banking business, and have connections with some of the largest financial institutions on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Aside from the extensive transactions in loaning their own funds, they do a large business in placing funds and making investments for Eastern capitalists. The Bank of Colfax has been an enormous power in the development of the resources of the Palouse Country, and has, since its establishment, been held in high esteem by the community in which it has the good fortune to be located.

THE COLFAX GAZETTE.—The Colfax Gazette is one of the oldest papers in the Palouse Country. It is published by the Gazette Publishing Company and is Republican in politics. It is ably edited by its chief, John E. Ballaine, is published weekly, and is a bright, progressive newspaper. The Gazette has kept pace with the progress and development of the country, its worth and standing being attested by a wide circulation, which carries it to the homes and business offices throughout the whole Palouse Country.

THE COMMONER.—*The Commoner*, daily and weekly, a representative newspaper of Democratic principles, was established in October, 1885. The daily was established last June. *The Commoner* is an able, fearless paper, and is a true index of the thrift, energy and progressiveness of the live people of Colfax. It is owned and conducted by E. C. Warner and G. W. Larue.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COLFAX.—The rapid development of the Palouse Country and generous yield of her soil, has made this a profitable field for the banking business and has given Colfax some of the strong-



AN ORCHARD NEAR COLFAX.



ON THE PALOUSE RIVER, NEAR COLFAX.



MARTHA WASHINGTON ROCK, COLFAX.

[From photos by Dixon & Canfield.]

est financial houses of the Northwest. Among those especially worthy of mention is the First National Bank. It was organized and incorporated in 1883 with a capital of \$100,000.

ACTOR & BROWN.—Messrs. Actor & Brown are the leading real estate dealers in Colfax. They are active, able men and enjoy the confidence of the principal property owners of Colfax and vicinity. They will cheerfully answer any inquiry regarding the chances for investment, as to the resources of the country, or the chances for settlement in the famous Palouse Country.

THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF COLFAX.—Like all the banks of Colfax, the Second National is a solid institution. Some of the wealthiest and most influential men of this section are stockholders and officers of this bank. Mr. Alfred Coolidge is president; A. Kuhn, vice president; J. J. Humphrey, cashier, and J. W. Higgins, assistant cashier.

THE COOLIDGE RESIDENCE.—The people of the Palouse Country build elegant homes. As will be seen by our illustrations of Colfax that city has many beautiful residences. There is no better proof of a high state of civilization and refinement of the people. Alfred Coolidge's residence is among the most elegant in the city, and, as will be seen by the engraving presented, is a very handsome dwelling.

HARRY CORNWELL.—Mr. Cornwell is extensively engaged in the loaning business in the Palouse Country, with headquarters at Colfax. He also handles real estate and is well posted on the resources of the country and land values.

W. J. HAMILTON.—W. J. Hamilton, one of the leading business men of the city, has been engaged in business in Colfax for many years. He has prospered, as do nearly every one in this favored Palouse Country. Aside from an extensive drug business in the city he farms upwards of a thousand acres of land every year. We present an engraving of his pretty home in Colfax.

C. R. MILLER'S GRAVITY TORPEDO EXCAVATOR.—C. R. Miller of Colfax has invented and patented a new method of prospect mining, and sinking wells to any depth required. He claims to be able, by this new method, to reach depths heretofore considered impossible. From five to eight feet can be drilled each hour. The main feature of this new method is in the use of explosives pushed forward of the drill, which, when exploded, has an immense pressure down and out. We have not space here to explain the working

of Mr. Miller's gravity torpedo excavator, but would advise those interested in mining, well-boring, etc., to correspond with Mr. Miller, of Colfax, who will cheerfully give information of its workings and merits.

STEPHEN J. CHADWICK was born in 1863 at Roseburg, Oregon, whence he removed to Salem in 1870. He was educated at the Willamette University, at Salem, and at the Oregon State University, at Eugene. He clerked in a store and did newspaper work in '81 and '82; read law with his father, Ex-Gov. S. F. Chadwick, and Bonham & Ramsey, at Salem; was admitted

there elected Prosecuting Attorney of Walla Walla and Franklin counties, served one term, was then appointed Probate Judge of Walla Walla County, where he has since resided and practiced his profession. He has a large and lucrative clientage, and as a lawyer ranks both honest and able. He is also extensively engaged in grain and fruit growing, has a large body of orchard-land on Snake River, that he is now improving, and has just completed the harvest of over fourteen hundred acres of grain, raised by him on his farms this year. Judge Hanna is now thirty-three years of age, and is an example of what can be done without other means than

having been several times mayor of the city. He is a leading and influential member of the Chamber of Commerce and is ever active in the interests of the city. He has been engaged for the past twelve years in the banking business and is also largely interested in many other financial and commercial enterprises. He has a most beautiful residence in Colfax surrounded by large, well-kept grounds. On this page is an engraving of his elegant home.

JACOB H. BELLINGER is one of the prominent, influential citizens of Colfax and of Whitman County. Measured by the three thousand acres



RESIDENCE OF ALFRED COOLIDGE.



RESIDENCE OF HON. J. A. PERKINS.



RESIDENCE OF WM. N. RUBY.



RESIDENCE OF W. J. HAMILTON.

SOME COLFAX HOMES.—[From photos by Dixon & Canfield.]

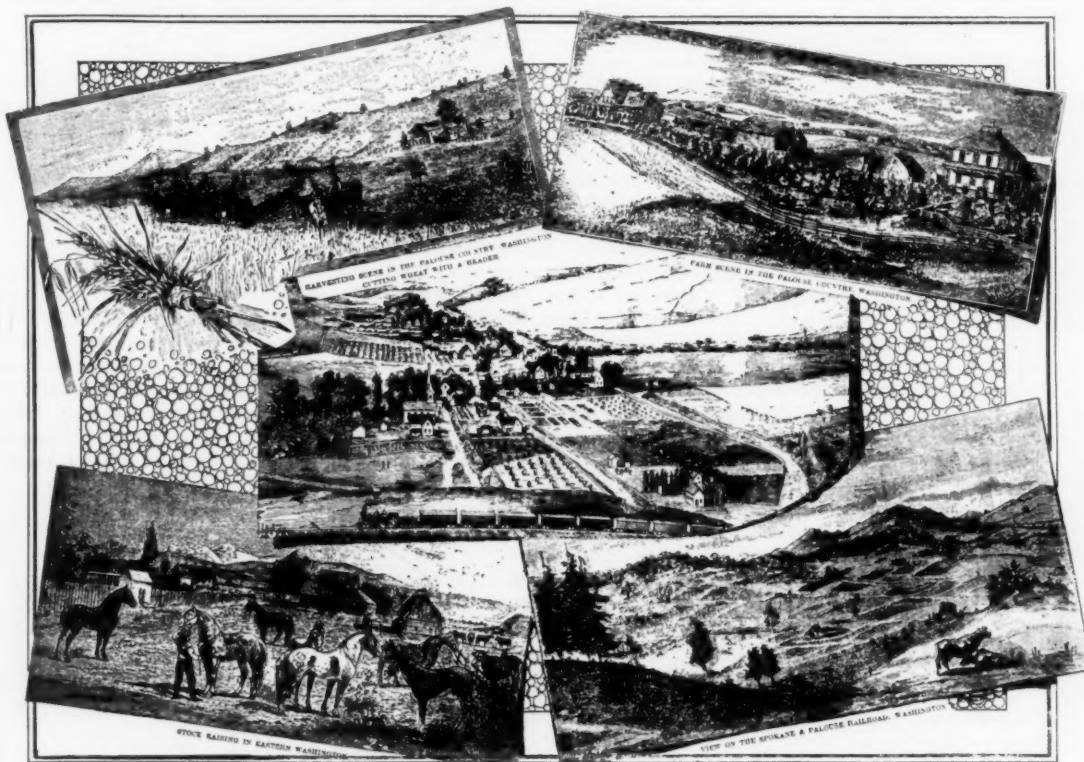
to the bar in October, 1885, and came to Colfax the following month. He has since resided here; has seen hard times, but has come into a good practice—one of the best in the county. Mr. Chadwick has let politics alone, but has been twice elected Mayor of Colfax, and is the present incumbent of that office.

EUGENE K. HANNA is an attorney at law, and is one of the present Democratic nominees for the office of Supreme Judge. He was born in Oregon, came to Washington in 1879, commenced the practice of law in Walla Walla, and was

ability, pluck and energy in a new and growing country.

JAMES A. PERKINS.—In enterprise, public spirit and liberality, James A. Perkins of Colfax may be counted as one of the foremost citizens of the State. He is a native of Illinois, and has been for many years a resident of Colfax. He has been a leader in every enterprise which has had for its object the upholding and development of this section of the country. He has frequently been called upon by his fellow townsmen to occupy positions of responsibility and public trust;

of wheat upon his own land, and the 3,000 acres of wheat of which he has charge for others, we could appropriately call him a farmer; measured by his extensive transactions in the purchase and sale of real estate, and in the insurance business, we would call him a real estate and insurance man; measured by his extensive business in negotiation of loans and in the purchase and sale of securities, he might be put down as a banker—but it is more appropriate that we put him down as an all-round business man. Mr. Bellinger was born in St. Lawrence County, New York, and has been for many years known in



FARM SCENES NEAR COLFAX.

Washington and Oregon. He was for fourteen years in the employ of Knapp, Burrell & Co. He has been a resident of Colfax for thirteen years, is a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, is a leader in all public works, and is liberal in contributing to the advancement of such enterprises. He is a force in politics, without ever having asked for any office. He is vice-president of the First National Bank of Colfax, an influential member of the Chamber of Commerce, and one of the trustees of the Catholic hospital soon to be built here; and, in fact, his name is connected with every public enterprise of this city or section of the State.

EASTERN WASHINGTON FARMERS.

The people of Eastern Washington have every reason to feel pleased with their lot as they find it to-day, remarks the *Oakesdale Sun*. They find as they harvest the wheat crop of the present season that it is a good average yield and far ahead of what they had anticipated. While the price does not promise to be as encouraging as last year, it will certainly be reasonably high to begin with and no prospect or reason of its getting any lower. Not only should they feel thankful for what they have been permitted to produce and the realization that they are to experience, but also for the fact that their financial condition is very favorable compared with that of other agricultural districts where the yield is a little over half of what it is here and where the interest on indebtedness consumes a large portion of the country's products. While Eastern Washington is not altogether free from mortgage indebtedness, it is comparatively small, and the instances are decidedly few where men of industry have taken up land in the Palouse

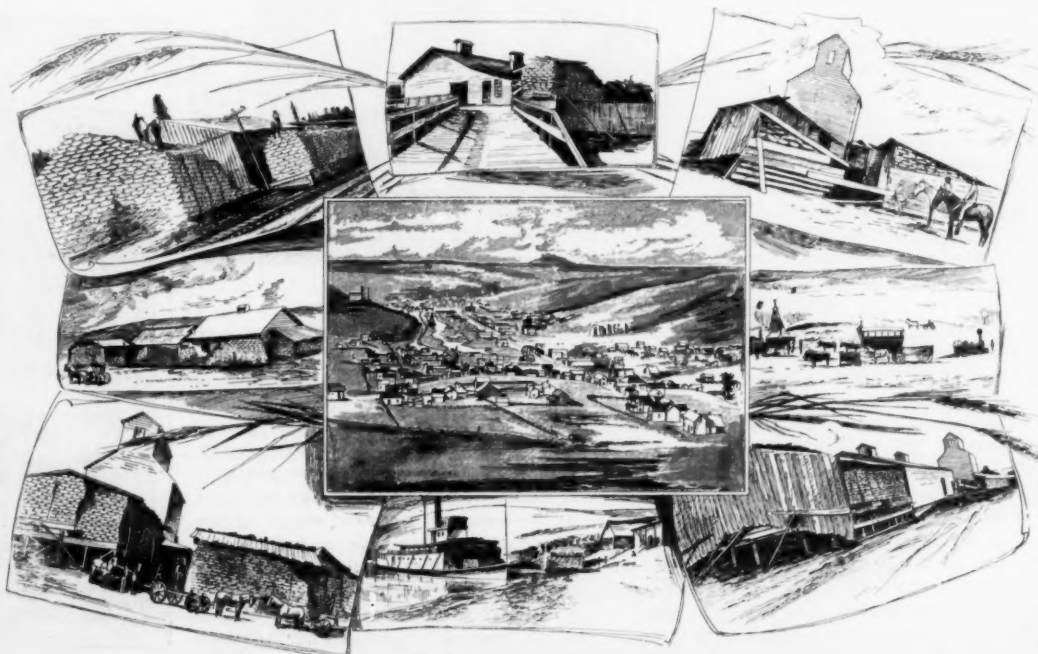
Country and remained with it for any length of time that they have not been able to remove any incumbrances that were necessary in beginning the improvement, and with the success that has heretofore attended the efforts of the agriculturist it is only a question of a very short time when every farm will be clear of the dreaded incumbrance. Not only has the farmer been able to make his pursuit a paying one by the products of his labor, but he has found that his land has increased in value far in excess of that in any other part of the United States.

THE SITUATION IN ALASKA.

O. H. Adsit, of Juneau, Alaska, in speaking of affairs in that country to a *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* representative said: "Uncle Sam is not treat-

ing us right up there, and so long as the present form of government is maintained Alaska will develop slowly. We have a rich country up there which will astonish the world some day. New discoveries of mining properties are constantly being made, nearly all of those worked being placers or gold quartz, which can be treated there. There is plenty of rich smelting ore, but the cost of transportation to the States is too high to make their working profitable. There is a practical prohibition on the development of our valuable lumber interests. There is plenty of fertile agricultural land, but titles to it cannot be obtained. The result is that outside of prospectors there are very few people coming to Alaska. Another thing which helps to keep down immigration is the fact that any one going into business must be able to speak the native dialects, and in some places Russian. There is not a bank in Alaska and the steamship lines charge two and a half per cent for transporting money. Gold dust is currency with the merchants, who take it in exchange for merchandise. Two of the large mining companies, however, supply the deficiency of a bank by giving merchants exchange on the United States without charge, for the purpose of keeping money in the country. Another thing; although we have fine grazing land and plenty of cattle up there, our beef comes from Washington. One reason for this is, that, to obtain fair transportation rates, the meatmen have to sign a contract with the steamship companies to take so much meat a month."

SMITH River Valley, Montana, at an altitude of 5,200 feet, is well adapted to small fruits and it is believed standard fruits may be grown there also.



WHEAT WAREHOUSES IN VICINITY OF COLFAX

ROUGHING IT IN THE WEST.

The proportion of young English gentlemen who are roughing it in the West far exceeds that of the young Americans, writes a correspondent to *Harper's Weekly*. This is due to the fact that the former have never been taught a trade or profession, and have nothing in consequence when they have been cheated out of the money they brought with them to invest but their hands to help them, and so take to driving horses or branding cattle or digging in the streets, as one graduate of Oxford, sooner than write home for money, did in Denver. He is now teaching Greek and Latin in one of our colleges. The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the West, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart, and practice it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or borrow from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a bookful of pitiful stories, and yet one can not help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought as they supposed, 30,000 Texas steers, but the Texans who pretended to sell them the cattle drove the same 3,000 head ten times around the mountain, as a dozen supers circle around the back-drop of a stage to make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over. There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cowboys, and who charged them ten dollars a month tuition fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fenceposts all over the ranch until they grew wise in their generation and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid thirty dollars a month for doing the same thing. But in many instances it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the lower house spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind and took entire control of his little income. And when the Marquis of Aylesford died in Colorado the only friend in this country who could be found to take the body back to England was his first cousin, who, at the time, was driving a hack around San Antonio. One hears stories of this sort on every side, and one meets faro dealers, cooks and cowboys who have served through campaigns in India or Egypt, or who hold an Oxford degree. A private in G Troop, Third Cavalry, who was my escort on several scouting expeditions in the Garza outfit, was kind enough and quite able to tell me which club in London had the oldest wine cellar, where one could get best visiting cards engraved, and why the professor of ancient languages at Oxford was the superior of the instructor in like studies at Cambridge. He did this quite unaffectedly and in no way attempted to excuse his present position, nor was he questioned concerning his position in the past. Of course the value of the greater part of these stories depends on the family and person-

ality of the hero, and as I cannot give names I have to omit the best of them.

AUTUMN ON THE PRAIRIE.

Autumn is an interesting season in any country and particularly so in Manitoba, where a condition of things appears different from what exists in a forest land. The long grass of the prairies becomes brown, the green fields become yellow and the pleasing sound of the binder is heard on every side, while forests of stooks soon cover the cultivated ground. Unlike their songs in spring, when love tunes their voices, the birds have now a pensive chirp as the families gather into flocks preparatory to going South. In the hazy sunshine the varied insects are all abroad; the black crickets sing their endless songs in every corner; the butterflies spread their gaudy wings where the warm light is the strongest; the ambitious and worldly-minded bees hum amongst the lingering flowers, robbing of their sweets the last blossoms of the year. In the woods autumn also places the mark of approaching winter and decay on trees, bushes and plants. The yellow leaves of the maple, the poplar and the ash, contrast strongly with the bright scarlet of the oak and the colored foliage of the bushes. The contented and wealthy chipmunk rustles amongst the falling acorns or fills his capacious pouches beneath hazels on the brown hillside; great clusters of wild hops festoon the groves in the river valleys, and the red cranberries sparkle like gems

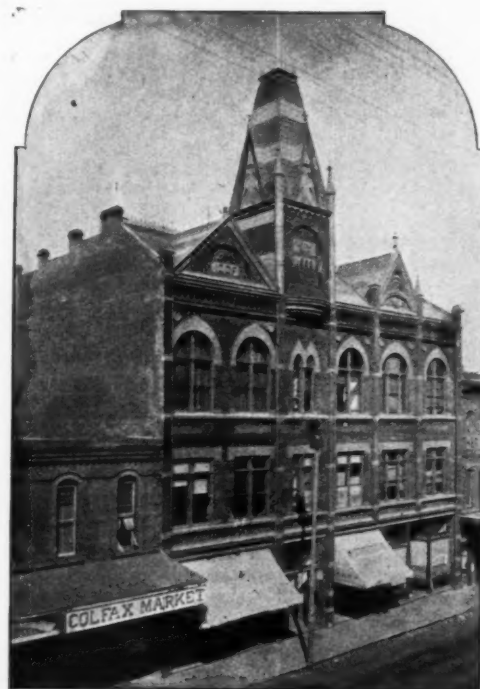


COLFAX COLLEGE.

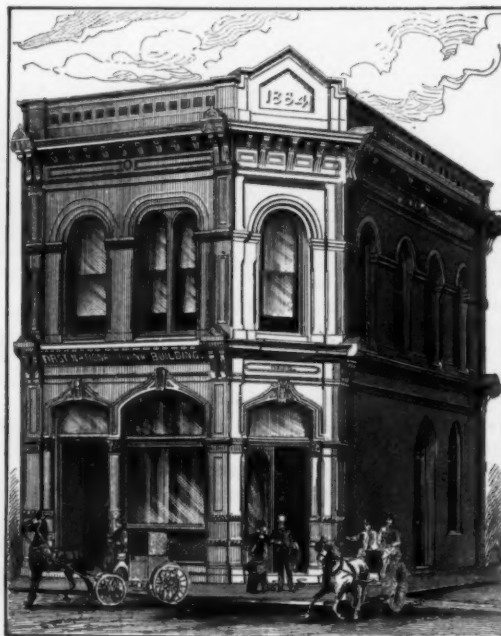
on the bushes; the hare begins to change from sober gray to winter white. Summer has yielded the riches of the year in seeds, grasses, nuts and fruits. Summer has also given a new creation of animal life in birds, beasts and insects to the earth. Some winged creatures are preparing to fly south; others in a short time will seek shelter from the storms of winter underground or in hollow trees, or beneath the fallen leaves; others will be provided by nature with a warm covering of feathers or a heavy coat of fur or hair, and autumn is the time of preparation for all these changes, in this Northern country.—*Pilot Mound Sentinel*.

A CURIOUS FORMATION.

Nature is full of surprises here in the interior of Idaho, and hardly a day goes by but some new discovery is to be recorded. This week there has been shown in town a specimen of rock formation resembling red shale. It is a fine grained rock, yet very tenacious and durable in its texture. Its chief use would seem to be that of ornamentation. R. S. Beale has already made a practical illustration of its qualities in this direction by making a piece of relief work from a slab of the rock. He has carved in relief a piece of fruit work consisting of a bunch of grapes, an apple and a pear, and the delicate tracings of leaf and branch and stem show how susceptible the new rock is to the finer work that can be done in carving and relief. The new rock will be a valuable acquisition to the building material of the coast.—*Lewiston (Idaho) Teller*.



FRATERNITY BLOCK, COLFAX.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK, COLFAX.



Some Huge Timbers.

Two cars containing lumber for the World's Fair from Washington passed through Minnesota Transfer late in September, on the Northern Pacific bound for Chicago. Six single pieces of lumber made up the train load, one timber being 126 feet long and dressed to square three and one-fourth feet from end to end.

A Neglected Opportunity.

Gen. Russell A. Alger has recently visited Puget Sound, and up to the present writing no town site boomer has stated that the General located a mill site on his town site by a dam site. Times are tough when real estate men allow these privileges and golden opportunities to slip through the holes in their pockets.—*West Coast Lumberman*.

How a State Boundary Line is Marked.

Sherwin Beckwith says the monuments marking the boundary line between North and South Dakota are only seven feet in length and ten inches square, and not fifty feet high, as stated in this morning's paper. The slabs are of Sioux Falls granite and were hauled by teams from the nearest railroad points. There are 360 of them and they are half a mile apart; the nearest railroad point was sixty-five miles and a wagon would carry only two. The statement that the first survey was inaccurate is also a mistake; our party examined the survey and found it correct.—*Fargo Forum*.

Nature Has Been Kind.

The month of September has nearly passed, and yet the effects of frost are scarcely seen on vegetation. The leaves of trees are turning slightly under the influences of light frosts, but no heavy frosts have been felt. Garden vegetables are generally green and flourishing, corn shows no effects of frost and the season in every way is one remarkable for late maturity of vegetation. The late spring, cold and wet, has been followed by a warm summer, and promises to be succeeded by a late fall favorable to all farm work and to the securing of the crops.—*James-town (N. D.) Alert*.

What Everett can Furnish, on a Pinch.

There are now and then a few snakes to be seen about here, but they are harmless little whipsnappers and will never furnish foundation for a good snake story, but when it comes to fish Everett is right in it. The proximity of the ocean, almost a straight course to Port Gardner through the straits of Juan de Fuca, save a short turn about Whidby Island, make it an easy matter for the big fish of the sea to lose their bearings occasionally and get into these waters. A very large shark, fully seven feet in length, came up alongside the wharf last Saturday. He was plainly visible, lying near the surface with his dorsal fin out of water.—*Everett (Wash.) Herald*.

North Dakota's Wheat Crop.

While the yield of wheat in North Dakota this year will not be anything like as large as last year, the grain is being taken care of and saved; whereas, last season, hundreds of farmers lost their whole crop from unfavorable weather and unavoidable delay in harvesting and marketing.

Wheat that was wintered in the stack was almost worthless, and was sold on a low market this season. Now all shock threshing is practically finished, and in the western part of the State a large part of the stack threshing is over. The loss this season promises very small, and only the low price prevents the average North Dakota farmer from realizing more on his crop this season than last.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

A Rare Piece of Furniture.

The first of the month, A. D. Howard of this place received from Maine a secretary made of curly maple that was brought to America from England before the Revolution, and supposed to be about 250 years old. Papers with the signatures of some of the once crowned heads of England were found in the piece of furniture, and are in the possession of the owner in Anoka. The style of the workmanship is peculiar, but gives evidence that once it was a most beautiful piece of cabinet work. In the interior, and just over the desk board, are arranged seven secret drawers, and so well are they hidden that a gold necklace was placed in one of them by the maker and was never found. Thurston Bros. are fixing the heirloom up.—*Anoka Union*.

Railroads in Idaho.

Idaho cannot expect to take her place among her sister State until such time as she has a network of railroads crossing and re-crossing her broad acres. Around the outer edge of this State we have large and prosperous towns and cities, while in the interior there is an empire, a glorious heritage, with acres of the best agricultural land that lies out of doors, mountains of precious minerals, and forests of the finest timber, all awaiting the magic touch of the pioneer who is the forerunner of all railway enterprises. There is some talk of the Midland building across the State, and, while this line will be cordially welcomed, we must say that there is room for a half-dozen lines, each of which could traverse a country richer in every respect than any east of the Rocky Mountains. It is a matter of surprise to many that Idaho's interior should be so long left to the herds of deer that roam at large over its fertile meadows, but the fact that our resources are not advertised to the world, accounts in a great measure for this state of things.—*Kendrick Gazette*.

He Got It at Last.

There was a puzzled look on his face when he entered the drug store of Sawyer & Filley, as if he wasn't quite sure he knew what he wanted, but he walked boldly up to the clerk and said:

"Give me a bottle of mutton, tin and rum."

"I don't understand the order quite," replied the clerk.

"Confound it! I never can remember the names of things. Perhaps it's a veal, copper and gin. Got any of that?"

"No, sir. Try again."

He walked up and down the floor a little while and got madder and madder. Presently he burst out fiercely:

"See here! The name of the thing is corned beef, brass and whisky, or something like that. It's full of meat, metal and alcohol. Confound your stupidity, you must know what it is!"

The clerk felt like signaling for a fool catcher, but he restrained himself, venting his aroused energies by pulling down a lot of bottles and putting them back again. The customer began figuring it out with himself. "Let me see," he mused. "Is it pork, silver and brandy? No, it isn't that. Chicken, lead and mercury? No, that doesn't sound like it. Ham, gold and alcohol? No; confound the blankety da—"

Just then his eyes caught on a sign. He gave a grin, and pointing to it said to the clerk, "Give me some of that," and the clerk took his money

and handed him a bottle of beef, iron and wine. "What stupid people drug clerks are," he soliloquized as he left the store.—*Olympia Tribune*.

Making Linen in Minnesota.

The Minneapolis linen mills, which were started several years ago with a plant of imported machinery, and under the management of a foreigner, did not, at first, prove so successful as had been hoped by the stockholders; but the affairs of the company have been reorganized lately, and beneficial results are apparent, says a writer in the *Textile World*. American managers and operatives have taken the place of all the former employees, and the mill is now running at a pace never before reached; while its output commands a good price, and the quality of goods manufactured is far superior to what it formerly was, and the machinery is pushed to its full capacity. Several new processes have been introduced for handling the flax tow to suit the demand of the American product. The raw material now comes largely from Canada; not because suitable tow cannot be secured in this country, but because the Minnesota farmers have not yet learned to properly prepare the flax for the market; and quite probably, Congress will be asked to make an appropriation to provide for the expense of sending an expert from the flax-raising districts to show the farmers how the flax should be prepared for manufacturing purposes, and at the same time not destroy its seed-bearing value.

An Anecdote of Col. Sanders.

When Col. Sanders, of Montana, first settled in the wilds of the then half-civilized West, the following is related of him, says the *Waverly Magazine*: He was about the only well educated man in the State. The miners and cowboys recognized that fact and elected him judge. In that capacity he soon became a terror to evil doers, as he invariably imposed the heaviest sentence prescribed by law.

On one occasion a border ruffian was brought before him on a charge of assault and battery, entered a plea of guilty and was fined \$20. The fellow had a dangerous gleam in his eye as he shambled forward, pulled a bag from his pocket, took from it two double eagles, and laid them on the bar before Judge Sanders. The Judge shoved one of the coins across the counter, remarking:

"You've made a mistake. Your fine is \$20."

"I know what my fine is," growled the thug. "Costs \$20 to whip a man in this court; it's cheap enough, and I'm willing to pay for the fun. Just keep the other twenty, judge; I'm going to thrash another man."

"Very well, sir," quietly said Sanders, putting the coins into a drawer and turning the key.

"And you are the man I'm going to lick," continued the pugilistic prisoner, addressing the court.

"At you please, sir," was the calm response, as Sanders stepped from the bench.

The fellow made a most savage onslaught on the judge, but Sanders ducked, and before his antagonist could recover his equilibrium he received a blow on the jugular which sent him spinning half way across the room, where he fell as limp as a rag.

Two minutes later the erstwhile terror scrambled to his feet, looked about the room in a dazed manner, and slowly staggered toward the door.

"Here, sir," thundered Sanders, who had resumed his place upon the bench. "Come here."

The thug obeyed. Sanders slowly counted out \$19.50 and shoved it across the bar.

"There's your change," he remarked gravely. "You didn't commit assault and battery. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in asking you to pay anything for your part of this performance. Of course I am compelled to charge you for the actual time I have lost. Good afternoon. Call the next case."

People AND Places

NORTH DAKOTA'S PRAIRIE FLOWERS.—The great number and variety of wild flowers on the prairies this summer is the subject of common remark. Beds of tiger lilies have been found in all the low places and favorable spots, but the reign of these gorgeous prairie queens is about over. The wild rose, however, continues to blossom everywhere in profusion. Every roadside and thicket is lined with them. Many different colors prevail and a cluster of deep red flowers is to be seen growing close by others with pale pink or nearly white leaves. The prairies are rich in their floral decorations now, and soon will be yellow with the splendid golden rod.—*Jamestown Alert*.

A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER MAN.—The avidity with which sensational newspaper articles are read in this country is illustrated in the wonderful success of W. D. Boyce, a former resident of Lisbon, N. D., and who at one time published a small weekly newspaper there. He removed to Chicago, without capital, and began publishing a weekly paper, containing the most sensational current literature of the day clipped from other papers and rewritten when necessary to add sufficient spice to the story. The Chicago *Saturday World* and *Blade* now circulate everywhere, boys selling them on the streets and postmasters distributing them by mail. The profits of the papers have been so great that the publisher has become wealthy, and is now reported as engaged in big real estate deals in Chicago. A recent transaction records Mr. Boyce as leasing a big building on a prominent street in Chicago, for \$12,000 per year rental, to be fitted up and used as his newspaper and publishing office.—*Jamestown (N. D.) Alert*.

A PROFITABLE DREAM.—"While in Bessemer, Mich., a few weeks ago," said Samuel L. Crawford last evening, "I had the pleasure of visiting the famous iron mine which was discovered by Mrs. Hayes, the dreamer. The story of the mine, which is a true one, is as follows: Some years ago a poor widow named Hayes had a dream that impressed her very strangely. She dreamed that at a certain point in the Gogebic range of mountains in Northern Michigan there existed a large body of iron ore. Going to the point indicated in her dream she dug down a few feet under the surface and came upon an immense deposit of red hematite iron ore. She acquired title to the property before her discovery became known and in a very short time realized several million dollars from her find. Wishing to settle down for life she married a young husband and has for the past four years been engaged in constructing the famous Hayes mansion in the Santa Clara Valley, California, six miles from San Jose, where she purchased 1,000 acres of the finest land in that valley. The Hayes mansion when completed will, perhaps, be the most expensive residence on the Pacific Coast, and no visitor is allowed to leave San Jose before visiting it. The woman is now traveling in Europe with her fresco artist selecting designs for the ceiling and walls of the mansion."—*Honolulu Washingtonian*.

"PU-JET" SOUND.—Some time ago in a talk with Wm. Blackwell, the well known banker of Tacoma, he informed the writer that he heard a lady who ought to be pretty good authority pronounce Puget Sound as if the word was spelled

Pu-jet with the accent on the last syllable. The lady in question was Caroline Richings, the noted singer and actress, daughter of the late Peter Richings, one of the best known old actors of ante-bellum days in this country. More than fifteen years ago, when Mr. Blackwell was keeping the old hotel on the wharf at Tacoma, Caroline Richings stopped there one afternoon and night on her way to Victoria with her company. Mr. Blackwell says that when she first saw the Sound she stood in admiration and raised both hands toward the water as if welcoming it and said: "So this is Pu-jet Sound, named after Peter Pu-jet, my grandfather, who was with Vancouver when he discovered it." Peter Richings, the father of Caroline, was named after his distinguished father, Peter Puget, Vancouver's young lieutenant, and was an officer in the British army. It is said he got into some trouble about 1830 and left for the United States, changing his name from Puget to Richings. He resembled both Washington and Franklin in facial expression and was frequently cast for those parts in patriotic ante-bellum dramas.—*Olympia Tribune*.

ZOLA'S LAST NOVEL.—We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Review of Reviews* for the portrait of Zola which appears on this page. In a notice of Zola's new novel, "LaDebacle," (the Down-fall) the *Review of Reviews* says: The most remarkable book which has been issued from the press during the summer is M. Emile Zola's last novel, which, fortunately, is free from most of the faults that disfigure those which have preceded it. "LaDebacle" (Bibliothèque Charpentier, Paris) is a wonderful picture of the overthrow of the empire. It has now been well translated into English by E. P. Robins, so that the English-speaking people may have the advantage of reading this consummate delineation of the overthrow of the empire (Cassell Publishing Co., New York). The story is very slight. As a story it is but a thread on which to string together an account of the overthrow of the second empire. M. Zola brings out, as no other writer on military subjects has done with

equal power, the extent to which a great army goes to pieces if those in command have neither the brain nor the character to move and feed it. The series of pictures of the life of the French soldiers in camp and on the march impresses the reader deeply with the conviction that the war was lost from the first; and that, even if the Germans had never fired a shot, the mere marching about of the French armies would have shaken the empire to pieces. It is an old saying that armies, like serpents, move on their bellies; and the incapacity of the French administration to provide food from day to day for their troops, in their ever-shifting movements hither and thither in obedience to the political exigencies of the Em-

press and her council of ministers in Paris, explains the terrible catastrophe which for a time obliterated France from the political map of Europe. M. Zola excels in painting pictures of gloom, and certainly no artist ever had a more lurid canvas than that which is devoted to "LaDebacle." No book that we have read for a long time conveys with equal vividness the sense of the frightful waste of war, or enables us to realize so distinctly the way in which a battle appears to those who take part in it. It is the very opposite of the method of the special correspondent. In M. Zola's pages one marches with the soldier along the dusty roads, sees him at the camp fire at night, when cold and hungry he tries to sleep, or crouches beside him as hour after hour he lies in the burning sun, while the shells drop round him, and he gnashes his teeth to fire a shot in reply to his invisible enemy. As a picture of society gone rotten at the head, it can hardly be excelled.

A SOAP LAKE.—Soap Lake is a most perplexing body of water in Douglas County near the Columbia River, mouth of the Grand Coulee, and is about one mile in length and one-fourth as wide. The *Advance* states that it derives its name from the appearance of the water and is regarded as quite a curiosity by everyone who has seen it. It is said that its water, when disturbed, will become a seething mass of lather, and will form suds by mere rubbing between the hands. One of its peculiarities is its poisonous qualities. Stories are told by thoroughly reliable parties of horses having died from the effects of drinking Soap Lake water, and of monstrous sores being raised on other animals where the water touched them. It is said stock which range in the vicinity of the lake will not drink its waters and generally give it a wide berth. The water is said by some to be full of animal life of miniature size and that is what imparts the poisonous properties. The same persons relate that when filtered the water is a wholesome drink and possesses curative powers. A general description of the lake indicates that it is a relative to Medical Lake and may be permeated with many of its medical properties.



M. EMILE ZOLA.

HE WILL RETURN NO MORE.

The last of his race—the only remaining “exchange fiend,” palsied, aged and apologetic—came into THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE office one day recently and asked the exchange editor if he had “any late Northwestern papers he might look at.” The ex-ed. was loaded for the occasion; and this is the way he unloaded:

Quite a few, sir; quite a few:—
Here's the Spokane Falls Review,
And the Okanogan Outlook and the Whatcom Reveille.
Here's the Post-Intelligencer—edited by able men, sir.
Wait a minute—here's a copy of the last Chehalis Rec.

Here's the Hoquiam Washingtonian
And the Portland Oregonian,
And don't fail to read this number of the Dalles Times-Mountaineer.

Yes, here's Capin Moffett's Telegram—take it, I don't care a d—
So long!—hold a second—the Ocosta Pioneer.

This assorted lot of Journals
Are all edited by colonels,
But for good dry weather reading there's the Irrigation Age.

Though perhaps the Oakesdale Breeze might your fancy better please,
Or the Osburn Statesman's microscopic page.

We have Heralds by the score,
Times, News, Tribunes, Stars galore,
From Puget Sound to Boston's beanery

This Cœur d'Alene Barbarian makes no boast as a grammarian,
But has a rep. for doing up the local scenery.

The Miner's powder's wet
And the Murray Sun is set
But the Democrat and Teller and the Mirror still exist.
Idaho is full of papers, and they cut some lively capers,
And there isn't one among 'em that “never would be missed.”

Lay aside that old Spectator
And read this Vociferator
Which the brain of Shelby Eli has just recently evolved.

Here's a Messenger from Townsend and a Courier from Rozeaman;
Inter Mountain and Bystander, which all problems hard have solved.

Now, don't be in such a rush,—
Here's a paper full of gush,
All about the rosy future of its town.

That young Dickinson Recorder is prepared to fill your order
For West Missouri eloquence in quantities to drown.

From Jamestown? the Alert,
Which for North Dakota dirt
Has a word of praise in every other line.

There's Edward's Fargo Forum,—how the Major loves to gore 'em!
And you'll notice that he has the art down fine.

Take this Turtle Mountain Star;
Read it on the cable car—
And this Winnipeg Commercial and this Pembina Express.

If you'll read this Inland Ocean, you will get a proper notion
Of the way in which Superior people act when they progress.

Take along the Financier
And the Deadwood Pioneer;
Also the Wool Reporter and the wheezy Farmers' Voice;
Here's the Engineering News and the Review of Reviews
And the Idaholy Statesman, which has just come in from Boise.

Carry them all right?
Sure, you'll get 'em home to-night—
Pray, don't mention it; we've plenty and to spare.
Take another turn around 'em,—there! you've dropped a lot, confound 'em!
So long! Come again—ah there!

HILDE.

AN APPROACHING STAMPEDE.

“The signs of an approaching stampede,” says a cattle man, “are familiar to every man who has been much on the trail. First a few cattle will begin to low, or rather to utter a sort of roar. All through the herd single animals will get up and begin to move around. The others become restless, and if something is not done to check them the whole herd will, within a short time, be

rushing headlong over the plain. The most soothing influence that can be exerted is the human voice, and when these ominous mutterings are heard every one on night watch begins to sing. It may be well to imagine that cowboy music would have anything but a quieting effect upon musical ears, but it amply satisfies the cattle. As soon as songs are heard the nervous animals become quiet. One by one they lie down and soon all are at rest, fairly sung to sleep. A peculiar feature of the singing is that every cowboy, no matter how rough and lawless, knows a variety of hymns, and it is with church music that the stampede is prevented.”

A DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT EXPLORER.

In the August number of the NORTHWEST MAGAZINE I notice a proposition to change the name of the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone to Lewis River. Mr. Clark, the great explorer, did not use the letter “e” in his name. Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone is correct. I do not know the other Clarke that the river is named after, but I think the same man is the one it is intended for. Jefferson K. Clark, the only living descendant of the explorer, and our first governor, lives at 3121 Locust Street, this city. I knew his father.

Mr. Clark has many mementos of his father, and of his uncle, the great soldier and friend of President Jefferson. He and Mrs. Clark are now on the Pacific Coast on a visit to their son, C. Jefferson Clark.

George Rodgers Clark made one of the greatest marches that has ever been made in this country, in mid-winter, and defeated the British and Indians, and conquered them forever. If you wish to know of me call on Mr. F. Wheeler, of Helena, and he will show my diary for 1862 in that country. I know a number of the leading men of the State. My address is No. 18 North Comp-ton Avenue. I also have a diary for 1863. This work will give you data for the early times.

I erected the first two mills, namely, a grist and sawmill, at Fort Benton in 1862. * * * I think you will find valuable information in my diary in case you write up the early history of Montana. My dates and facts are the only ones in existence referring to the early settlement.

JAMES HARKNESS.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 6.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN OREGON.

“The oldest house in Oregon,” is the title of an item which locates that most ancient domicile in Oregon City. But there is a house in Oregon older than that. It is a house not built with hands, but is not eternal in the heavens. It is very solid and stands about twenty miles from this city. It was built by the great designer and architect of the universe, or by one conversant with his system and plan. It was once a giant spruce tree, but two or three centuries ago the top broke off. It was then hollowed gradually out by fire, and in the course of years there was a hollow place inside of the trunk about twenty feet in diameter. A wanderer who squatted and finally took up the tree claim on which the tree stood hewed it out and made it inhabitable, put in a floor, door, and windows, and there it stands, the oldest house in Oregon. It was a little growth when Columbus discovered America. It was a lusty young tree when Cortez found the Pacific Ocean and stood silent upon a peak in Darien; its branches tossed aloft when the Puritans built their campody by Plymouth Rock; it was a giant of the forest when the Declaration of Independence was signed; it was huge in its growth and great in its dimensions when the Columbia River was discovered. Through six centuries it has stood and may stand six more.—Astorian.

MISCELLANY.

A New Cyclopaedia.

The Columbian Cyclopaedia, published by Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., is the latest cyclopaedia in the field and is the cheapest, considering the amount of matter it contains. Its information is brought down to 1892 by revisions of the earlier volumes. One unique feature of this work is found in the combination under one alphabetical arrangement of a dictionary with the cyclopaedia. In using an ordinary cyclopaedia it is often necessary to consult a dictionary in order to find the meaning of a word used therein. But the Columbian Cyclopaedia is an excellent dictionary, as well as a cyclopaedia, containing all the important words in the standard dictionaries, together with the words and phrases from foreign languages which have come into frequent use in the country. Not only does this prove a very great convenience to the user of the cyclopaedia, as it saves consulting an extra book, but it also saves the considerable expense of purchasing a good dictionary. Thirty-six volumes have been issued and four more will close the work.

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

A Radical Change in the Treatment of Rupture.

It has been the theory among medical men of all ages that Hernia (or rupture) could not be cured, except by a surgical operation, and even by that means a radical cure was an exception and not the rule, and the great mortality following a surgical operation has made the practitioners of medicine and surgery very reticent in trying to induce their patients to resort to such means for relief. Thus those unfortunate people, whose fate it was to be so afflicted, seem to be left almost without a remedy except an ordinary truss, which was only used as a palliative treatment, which in many cases seems rather to aggravate the trouble than make it better.

This condition of affairs has caused some of the more ingenious of the medical profession to investigate more thoroughly this peculiar disease and try, if possible, to invent some means for its relief. The fact that some cases get well under favorable circumstances is evidence within itself that a means could be invented to cure it, etc., and after many years of patient study and experiment this great end has been accomplished by Dr. J. S. Blackburn, of St. Paul, Minn., who is the patentee of the Blackburn Truss, an instrument made on an entirely new principle vice versa to the old truss; holds the viscera perfectly in place; protects the patient from accident from the first until cured; is perfectly comfortable, and effects a permanent cure in from two to eighteen months.

Dr. Blackburn, in order to bring his new treatment for rupture more legitimately before the public, has interested some of the most prominent physicians of the country with him, and has formed what is known as the Blackburn Truss Company, whose headquarters are at Rooms 8-9 Germania Life Insurance Building, St. Paul, Minn., with branch offices in many of the principal cities of the Union. Physicians who would like to use their treatment, and those sufferers who would like to be cured of their rupture are respectfully invited to write them, or, what is better, call at their offices and investigate their method. They refer to over 2,000 cases cured. Examinations free.

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

NORTH DAKOTA APPLES.—E. W. Haseltine, the Grand Forks nurseryman, whom Manager Dickey has designated to gather fruit exhibits from North Dakota for the World's Fair, has just returned from Hillsboro and vicinity, where he obtained the finest specimens of native apples he has ever seen in this State. They were grown on trees owned by Mr. Eriksen, fifteen miles southwest of Hillsboro, which were planted about five years ago, and they are Duchess and Wealthy. The apples are large, perfect and sound. He has also specimens of crab apples which grow everywhere. In his own nursery at Grand Forks he has trees that are loaded with apples, proving that in a favorable season apples will grow as well as plums and small fruit, in this latitude. Many people would hardly believe this—but the proof exists in the apples just secured by Mr. Haseltine, who expects to obtain other samples from every Red River county in the State.—Grand Forks News.

SPOKANE, Wash., and Nelson, B. C., promise to be connected by rail early next year. A land grant of over 10,000 acres for each mile of road has been granted by the Canadian government. The road is practically an extension of the Spokane & Northern, though bearing the name of Nelson & Fort Sheppard.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, OCTOBER, 1892.

THE FAR CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

At the recent Grand Forks reciprocity convention the delegates from Manitoba exhibited with much pride some samples of excellent hard five wheat grown this season at a place 800 miles northwest of Winnipeg. In their speeches and in conversations with the American delegates the Manitoba men contended that it is an established fact that a wheat belt extending from the western border of Manitoba in a northwestern direction to the Peace River Valley will eventually be developed by settlement and cultivation. One delegate was so sanguine as to predict that the United States would at some future time be so densely populated that it would be compelled to draw upon the now desolate plains of the "Great Lone Land" for wheat to feed its people and supplement its own deficient crop. It was explained by such well-informed men as Secretary Bell, of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, that no correct judgment can be formed of the resources of the country beyond the little Province of Manitoba by a journey over the Canadian Pacific, which traverses a vast, dry alkaline plain; that the good country lies farther to the north, in the region drained by the North Fork of the Saskatchewan and the Peace River, and that between this region and the known productive plains of Manitoba there is no break. The climate of this belt is claimed to be actually milder than that of the forbidding plains south of it, by reason of the fact that the Rocky Mountain ranges, which bound it on the west, are not high and do not cut off wholly the warm, moist currents of the Chinook wind, blowing from the Pacific Ocean. The same cause increases the rainfall of this region and gives precipitation sufficient for crops.

It has long been the hopeful view of patriotic Canadians that a great agricultural country would be developed in their Northwest, beyond the borders of Manitoba. On this hope they base

their expectations of future national existence, for all intelligent men among them will admit that as a shoe-string country, stretched along the frontier of a great, progressive and aggressive nation like the United States, which constantly drains from them much of their best young blood in the shape of emigration, they cannot long maintain a distinct nationality, either as a dependence of Great Britain or an independent power. They must inevitably gravitate to the immensely larger body. If, however, they possess a stretch of eight hundred miles of fertile land beyond their present farming settlements they can build up a real, vital national life.

Is there such a wheat belt as the Canadians claim? That is a question which has been slow of solution, but now that railroads are advancing into the far Canadian Northwest it will soon be settled. To raise a little wheat in favorable years is one thing, and to raise wheat as a staple crop for the support of a large farming population is quite another thing. We in the American Northwest hope that the large expectations of our friends across the boundary are well-founded. We should like to see great agricultural communities grow up between Winnipeg and the Rockies. We want to see the tariff barrier thrown down that hampers our trade with our immediate neighbors. We want to buy of them their wheat and their cattle and sell them our implements, tools, cloths and groceries. We shall watch the working out of their great national problem in the near future with almost as much interest as they themselves feel. There is only one thing we feel a little impatient about, and that is that the Canadians should continue to cling to the skirts of a European nation a hundred years after we set up for ourselves. We would like to have them take the position of an independent power in order that when questions arise involving our mutual interests we might settle them with each other without going across the Atlantic and asking leave of a few gentlemen in London in the service of Queen Victoria, who are very busy running the affairs of England and Ireland.

IS THIS A SUCCESSFUL LIFE?

An interview with the great Minneapolis miller, Chas. A. Pillsbury, was recently published in *Once A Week*, a New York periodical, and has since been copied or commented on by many of our Northwestern papers. Mr. Pillsbury tells frankly how he succeeded in building up a business of \$20,000,000 a year. He attributes his remarkably good fortune to his having the constitution of a horse and doing the work of three or four men. His advice to a young man beginning life is: "He should do three times as much work as he is paid for. If possible, he should do four times as much work as he is paid for. But make it three times, anyway." When asked, "What else?" Mr. Pillsbury replied, "Root, hog, or die."

The great miller has never found time for anything but business. In all his life he never took a fortnight's vacation. He has often visited New York but he has never been up to the Metropolitan Museum, although he is fond of pictures and owns many that have cost him a great deal of money. He has never even looked at the chief sights which every poor boy from the country who has spent a day in the big city has seen. The Produce Exchange, he says, is good enough for him. He goes to London, but to him the history, antiquities and art of that wonderful city have no interest. "I rush right away to Mark Lane where the flour and grain is sold," he says. "The rest of the party go sight-seeing. I have never seen Windsor Castle, the House of Parliament or the Tower."

No doubt Mr. Pillsbury has a fine library, but he has never found time to read the books. He supports churches liberally, but he has no time

to digest the sermons or think of the deeper problems of life. He still does "three times as much work as any of the boys." In brief, he pictures himself as a remarkably well organized money-making machine. And there are no doubt many people who read his account of himself with wonder and admiration and who wish they were like him.

But, after all, is this a successful life? Is there nothing better than making money and building up great business enterprises? Has this man not missed what best makes life worth living? The world's great bards and prophets have not spoken to him, for he has been too busy. To him the stars have had no suggestions and the landscape no significance; he has been too busy. He has not been moved by the world's great masters of art—by Titians, by Raphael, by Michael Angelo; he has been too busy to go and look at their pictures and statues; he passed them by to rush to the grain mart. The great singers have not sung to him nor the great orchestras played to him; he has been too busy. His music has been the clamor of the Produce Exchange. And after all, what has it amounted to, this scheming and organizing and rushing about, with business, business all the while ringing in his head? He is the chief of a gigantic milling corporation, but what of it? If there were no such corporation many smaller ones would be doing its work and the world would get its daily bread just the same. Suppose that instead of being worth three or four millions he were worth a million, or half a million, or a hundred thousand dollars, and that he had found time all his life to see and enjoy the best that art, literature, music and travel offer—would not his life have been fuller and sweeter and more satisfactory?

Mr. Pillsbury says he believes in "dunghill men and thoroughbreds." By dunghill men he no doubt means men of strong, coarse vitality, who push their way to success by virtue of their inherent energy; and by thoroughbreds he means men who have all their faculties trained to the accomplishment of a single line of action, as thoroughbred horses are trained to win a race. But there are better types of men than these. What are our schools and colleges trying to teach, and what are our preachers trying to preach? Not that life should be narrowed down to specialties, and success in them made the great aim of human action. No; they are seeking to make cultivated, well-rounded men, with minds and hearts thoroughly in touch with all that is best worth knowing and feeling in life; full of knowledge of God's marvellous universe and full of sympathy with every form of existence; sensitive to all that is beautiful, to all that is pitiful, to all that is inspiring and ennobling. No, Mr. Pillsbury, the soul is the great thing in this world, and not your flour mills, and it will be a far greater thing in the next world to which we are all marching as fast as the clock ticks and the heart throbs.

SCANDINAVIANS IN THE NORTHWEST.

The September number of *The Forum* contains an article by Prof. Kendrick C. Babcock, of the University of Minnesota, which in very brief compass contains a good deal of interesting information about the Scandinavian element in our composite Northwestern population. While in most of the Eastern States a Norwegian or a Swede is a curiosity, the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas contain about 750,000 inhabitants of Scandinavian birth. Adding to these people their children born in this country raises the strength of our Scandinavian population to over a million souls. Yet in 1850 there were only 18,000 Scandinavians returned by the census and in 1860 only 72,000. During the civil war very few came, so that nearly the whole of the great Scandinavian

element of to-day is the result of the immigration of the last quarter of a century. Why this great army of the descendants of the old Norsemen has consolidated itself on the prairies of the Northwest is a circumstance which Prof. Babcock does not try to explain. Probably climatic conditions as well as the abundance of cheap and good lands has had much to do with the choice of locality by this vast body of immigrants from the North of Europe. Migration proceeds largely on isothermal lines and the Scandinavians find here in the American Northwest a climate more nearly resembling that of their old homes than exists elsewhere on the continent.

Prof. Babcock says that the passion for the possession of land and for the independence which goes with it has characterized the Scandinavians from the earliest times and it is that which makes them so valuable as citizens of our country. They do not huddle in towns and cities; over ninety per cent of them are tillers of the soil. All of the eighty counties of Minnesota, save possibly two, have representatives of all three of the Scandinavian nations, and in the newer counties of Minnesota and also in both the Dakotas from thirty to forty per cent of the people are of Scandinavian parentage. In these States no State tickets and few county tickets are run which do not contain Scandinavian names. The Scandinavians are apt politicians and make the most of their numerical strength in claiming recognition from nominating conventions and party managers. In the last Minnesota legislature there were twenty-six Scandinavian members out of a total of 163. The present Republican candidate for Governor of Minnesota, Knute Nelson, is a Norwegian by birth.

Our Scandinavian immigrants can all read and write their own language, coming, as they do, from lands where public education is well established. They learn English with much greater ease than do the Germans. They speak English with an accent, which, however, is not as marked as that of German or French immigrants and in a few years becomes no more peculiar than the Irish brogue. They are attached to their native speech, however, whether it be Swedish or Danish-Norwegian, and they support in Minnesota alone thirty-seven Scandinavian newspapers. They are Protestants in religion and as a rule are more influenced by their ministers than are either the German or the American Protestants. They maintain a number of religious colleges. Two of these are in Minneapolis, yet they furnish to the University 175 students out of a total of 1,374. They make a very favorable showing in the statistics of crime. The Minnesota statistics show that in 1885, when the Scandinavians were 16.5 per cent of the total population, the percentage of Scandinavians confined in prisons to the whole number of prisoners was only 8.7 per cent, and this had decreased in 1890 to 7.1 per cent. When we look to the statistics of insanity, however, the figures are reversed. In 1886, 28.3 per cent and in 1890, 30.7 per cent of all the inmates of our Minnesota insane hospitals were Scandinavians. A similar striking percentage is observable in both the Dakotas. This remarkable prevalence of insanity among the Scandinavians has not yet been satisfactorily explained. The common explanation given by the physicians of our insane hospitals is the change from the village life of Europe to the isolated farm life on our Western prairies, but we do not think this wholly covers the ground. If we had at hand the statistics of insanity in Europe it would be interesting to note whether the far Northern countries do not show a considerable greater ratio of insane to population than the more Southern lands. Is it not possible that the long, cold dark Northern winter develops melancholia and that the astonishing tendency to insanity among our Scandinavian settlers is a race peculiarity, inherited from near and remote ancestry, and not a new trait developed by their American life?



I AM glad that Gov. Merriam has pardoned the editor of the *Prison Mirror*. This man committed an unprovoked murder while crazed with drink and was sentenced to the Stillwater penitentiary for life. Instead of degenerating into a morose and stupid animal, as do most life prisoners, his terrible misfortune aroused all the best elements of manhood in his nature. He faithfully observed all the prison regulations and was cheerful and helpful. He became a student and a writer and he carried on a weekly newspaper in the prison that exerted a sound influence among the convicts and was a valuable aid to the discipline of the institution. He studied prison methods and reforms and in time came to be looked on by the authorities rather as a friend and counsellor than as a criminal under punishment. At the same time he asked for no privileges, and when not at work in his little printing office went through the same dreary routine as other convicts. Surely no harm can come from restoring such a man to society and allowing him to lead a useful and honorable life.

A NEW York life insurance company recently received from the richest man in St. Paul the largest check ever received by any company for insurance on the life of a single individual. The amount of the check was \$136,350; it was drawn on the First National Bank of this city and the signer was Jas. J. Hill. For this sum the great railway millionaire received a \$135,000 "life option endowment consol," with a life income guaranteed at \$12,400 annually from the time he reaches the age of sixty-four, and other benefits in the form of participation in the company's surplus and a certain mortuary allowance in case of death before he reaches that age. The interesting feature of this transaction is not the fact that one man should have \$136,350 in cash in a bank to invest in life insurance, but that a man reputed to be worth over ten millions and to be all the time adding to his fortune should feel disposed to call in the aid of any institution to guarantee him an income in his old age. It shows that Mr. Hill must regard the business side of life as uncertain even to a man of his vast accumulations and extraordinary sagacity, for he has taken measures to get under shelter financially and secure for himself a comfortable income after he gets beyond the age of active exertion, no matter what may happen to railways and stock.

IN the County of Stearns, Minnesota, about twelve miles from the city of St. Cloud, is the Benedictine abbey of St. John, connected with which is a school called St. John's University. The former head of these institutions was the Rt. Rev. Alexis Edelbrock, a priest of much originality and force of character who died about a year ago. To save himself the trouble of explaining to his acquaintances the nature and dignity of the office of abbot he had the following printed on the backs of his visiting cards: "Explanation.—An Abbot, is a Prelate in rank and position similar to a Bishop; his office is perpetual. His insignia are: the mitre, crozier, pectoral cross, ring, etc. In his insignia he differs in nothing from a Bishop. An Abbot holds his jurisdiction from Rome and is independent of

any Bishop, and may extend over a larger territory. The title of an Abbot is Right Reverend; he is more than an ordinary Monseigneur. In Europe the Abbots are Lords. There are only seven Abbots in the United States."

It is a pretty name, that of the Evergreen State, which the press and public officials of the new State of Washington have adopted as a subriquet for their commonwealth, and it is as appropriate as it is pretty, for the forests of Washington are composed of firs, pines, cedars, spruces and hemlocks that are green the year round, and in the Puget Sound region and the coast region the grass never turns sere and flowers bloom all winter. Charles T. Conover, of Seattle, has the honor of first suggesting the name. While the question of a State flower has been in debate for over a year there has been no controversy over the soubriquet; everybody agreed to Mr. Conover's suggestion as soon as it was made public. All hail, then, to the Evergreen State! May she flourish like one of her big fir trees.

AN interesting man from Montana appeared at the Minnesota Club, in St. Paul, one day last month. His name is R. R. Cummings and he is engaged in the novel business of raising elk. His ranch is on the Madison, just west of the National Park, and his nearest town is Bozeman, one hundred and ten miles distant. He has made a study of the elk in all stages of his growth from the young calf to the mighty ten-pronged monarch of the woods. One curious thing about the animals is the rapid growth of the horns on the bulls. By actual measurement the horns on one of his bull-elks grew fourteen inches in thirteen days. Mr. Cummings says that when the horn is "in the velvet," or formative state, it is soft and pliable, and taken in the hand feels like a sack filled with living, pulsating tissue in which every beat of the heart can be felt. At the end of each horn is an irregular shaped bunch, on which the coming prongs appear like little round bulbs. When a prong is pushed out the bunch of tissue is further advanced, and so the process of building up the immense and apparently useless head-gear of the animal proceeds as rapidly as corn grows in July. The size of the antlers and the number of prongs they carry depend, not on the age of the elk, but on his feed and general condition. For example, one of the bulls which had seven-pronged horns last year has only six-pronged horns this year.

Seven towns have entered the race for the prize of the capital of Montana and have filed their nomination certificates under the State statute. They are Helena, Butte, Bozeman, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Great Falls and Boulder. The fact that there are so many contestants is to the advantage of Helena, the present capital, for no one town is likely to get a clear majority over all combined, and the law requires that in such an event a second election shall be held a year later at which only the two leading contestants at the first election can enter the running. There is no doubt that Helena will be one of those two and it will be difficult to combine votes enough against her to defeat her. At one time it looked as though the big vote of Butte would be thrown for Bozeman at the first election, but the Silver City is now in the field on her own account and so is her neighbor, Anaconda. Deer Lodge, a pretty agricultural town about equidistant between Helena and Butte, and also on the west side of the mountains, will vote for herself instead of for either of the other two west-side towns, and, like Boulder, a neighbor of Helena, is probably in the race to make a bid for some other State institution. Great Falls is formidable by reason of her own large vote and the vote along the Great Northern road, which will naturally go to her. Bozeman will be preferred by most

of the voters living in Eastern Montana along the Northern Pacific and will have a large strength in the populous Gallatin Valley. All observers of the contest concede Helena first place, and the struggle this fall is for the second place, which secures an entry for the decisive test of 1893.

APROPOS of a picture of a dog of local celebrity in Puyallup, Wash., which was given in THE NORTHWEST for August, here is a letter from Editor Redington, his owner: "The picture of Dog Dash was excellent and the little girls say that you were very good to thus put their Dash in the book. Strange, but true, poor Dash died the very day your magazine with his picture arrived. It was hard to part with him, for many a night he and I and the cayuse had spread our saddle blankets on the frosty grass and shivered through till daylight in the wilds of the beautiful Blue Mountains of Oregon. The babies have planted flowers over his grave and will keep his memory green."

THERE are probably few people in St. Paul who know anything of the beauties of the peninsula between the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers, immediately south of the city. This rolling plateau is a very picturesque farming country, where maples and elms shade the roomy, old-fashioned houses, where clumps of trees in the pasture fields give grace to the landscapes, where heavy crops of wheat and oats are raised, where fat cattle and blooded horses graze. The early settlers were evidently people of taste and intelligence, for they builded well and were liberal tree planters. In many places the public roads are shaded avenues and double rows of poplars or maples lead up to homes that lie a little off the main traveled highways. Here and there a little lake glimmers through the foliage. A successful St. Paul lawyer and his wife have a summer home on a well-tilled farm in this region, near the village of Cottage Grove. His spacious house stands in a little park where the maples mingle with a great variety of evergreen trees and in the house there is always room for one more guest, no matter how many friends have already arrived to enjoy the hospitality of the place. Fortunate are those who can leave the city and spend a day in this charming retreat, lounge on the grass, share in good conversation on literature and life, sup in the open air, listen to music in the evening, sleep soundly in the deep silence of the country night and return refreshed next day to the work and worry of the busy world. Much better medicine for the tension and weariness of city can be found on a farm than at any summer-resort, hotel or lakeside cottage.

THE recent International Reciprocity Convention at Grand Forks developed such a unanimity of feeling on all the questions considered that it was evident that if the Canadian Northwest and the American Northwest had the power to make treaty arrangements they would arrive at an agreement without any difficulty. In that convention the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and North Dakota and the Province of Manitoba were alone represented. There was absolute harmony as to the desirability of ampler trade relations, less hampered by tariff duties, of the deepening of waterways to the sea and of unrestricted railway building across the boundary. The Manitobans said they wanted to sell us their grain, pine lumber and cattle, and they want to buy from us our farm machinery, hard woods and general manufactures. This our American delegates thought would be a fair exchange. But the manufacturers of Toronto and Montreal will think otherwise, and they are much more potent in Canadian Government councils than the farmers of Manitoba. There will be voices raised on

our side of the line also, in opposition to such an arrangement, from people who imagine that the inferior pine lumber of Canada would seriously compete with the products of our forests, and that Canadian wheat would affect the price of our wheat if thrown upon our markets. Both notions are absurd. Good lumber cannot be made in Canada any cheaper than in the United States; and as to grain, the Canadian crop now goes into the European market to swell the total yield and to have its effect on prices just as much as though it were handled by our railroads and ground in part at our mills. To admit it free of duty would be of advantage to the mills and elevators of Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior and would not in the least injure our own farmers. That it would be greatly to the profit of Manitoba to be able to buy our manufactures without paying custom duties is a proposition that no Manitoban disputes. The utility of the Grand Forks gathering was that it formulated agitation for freer trade relations between the two countries and gave it a fresh impetus. Another and much larger convention will be held in St. Paul in February or March next, to which it is expected that the Eastern provinces of the Dominion and all the American cities along the border will send representatives.

I NOTICE in the Winnipeg *Free Press* a frank and sensible article on immigration in which the disappointment of the people of the Canadian Northwest in not realizing the extravagant hopes of the boom period of eight or ten years ago is frankly admitted, and the Dominion Government is urged to more energetic steps to secure settlers for the vast, fertile plains of Manitoba and the territories further west. The *Free Press* does not regard either England or Ireland as profitable fields for work in this direction, and as to Continental Europe it thinks no movement can be organized that will produce a visible result on the enormous region to be filled up. It goes on to say: "As time progresses it is becoming more apparent to the watchful observer that the Canadian Northwest is to be filled up from the United States. The wheat lands of that country are nearly all taken up, and already countless eyes are turned in the direction of our own fertile prairies. The thousands who care more for a good farm than for a flag, after satisfying themselves that it cannot be had in their own country, will come to the Northwest." It seems to me that the best field for Canadian emigration work is among the Canadians in New England who crowd the factory towns. There are hundreds of thousands of them and many are farmers by early training, or the sons of farmers. They are cold country people and are not frightened by the low temperatures reported from Manitoba. I don't think that any considerable number of American born people will be induced to change flags; at least not until our own prairies are well occupied, and by that time it is probable that one flag will cover the continent from Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. However this may turn out the *Free Press* is right in holding that the ultimate destiny of the Canadian Northwest is to be peopled from the great, populous republic south of it. European immigration will trickle in and the old Canadian provinces will furnish their annual quota of settlers; but ultimately, if the country is as good as every loyal Manitoban believes it to be, there will be a great wave from the South to possess the land.

A LARGE number of the regular readers of THE NORTHWEST, living in the country between Wisconsin and the Pacific Coast, will recognize the name, if not the feat-

ures, of Jules H. Burwell, of St. Paul, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Burwell is looked upon by St. Paul people as one of the city's most progressive business men. Certain it is that success has marked every enterprise with which he has been actively identified for several years past. As general manager, vice-president and treasurer of the great house of the Mast, Buford & Burwell Company—by far the largest concern of the kind in the Northwest—his business acquaintance is very extensive. As president of the State Fair Association this year Mr. Burwell made a shining record for himself, as the fair was conceded, in spite of unpropitious weather, to be one of the best ever held in Minnesota.

D. C. WILLETT, of Uniontown, Ky., writes that he would like to receive a sample of the gold-bearing sand found along the Columbia River, in Washington, as he thinks he has discovered a process for extracting the fine gold.

NORTHERN PACIFIC EARNINGS.—The earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad for August, in which are included those of the leased lines of the Wisconsin Central, continue to show a handsome increase over last year. The figures for August were \$2,776,148, against \$2,549,122 for the corresponding month of 1891, a gain of \$227,026. The policy of the N. P. is to steadily build up its local business by giving encouragement to every solid enterprise that promises to develop the country. The good results of this policy are seen in the fact that in spite of a falling off in through business occasioned by the quiet condition of the Pacific Coast towns the road is able to show a satisfactory increase in its gross and net earnings.

A NEW TOWN IN IDAHO.—J. P. Nichols started yesterday for the Weippe Country, to lay out the new town of Georgetown in the Weippe. Messrs. Lundon & Normoyle are the proprietors of this new town. It is located at Weippe Post-office, on the farm of Mr. Lundon, on Ford Creek, about fifty miles from Kendrick. It is in the center of the fertile Weippe Country, and within ten miles radius of the town there are more than 200 settlers, while more are constantly coming in, besides a large region of mining country lies adjacent. As soon as the town is laid out it will be put on the market. It will offer excellent opportunities for a general merchandise store, blacksmith shop, saloon, saw and planing mill, a doctor, drug store and other business establishments.—*Kendrick (Idaho) Advocate*.



JULES H. BURWELL, OF ST. PAUL.

SOUTH BEND.

In the July issue of this magazine was a picture of the Bowers dredge at work at South Bend, together with some reference to the work being done. By the time this issue is in the hands of the readers, the work for which the Bowers dredge was brought from Puget Sound to Willapa Harbor in July '91, will be well nigh completed and an area of land covering 225 acres of what has heretofore been known as tide flats will be made available for manufacturing sites. The dredge referred to has a capacity of 155,000 cubic yards per month and has now been at work night and day for fifteen months. About a month will be required to finish the work. The undertaking was an immense one and is purely the private enterprise of men interested in the future development of South Bend and the Willapa Harbor. At the east end of the harbor is a basin twelve to eighteen hundred feet wide by one and one half mile in length. With the completion of the work now under way a minimum depth of twenty-six feet of water will be secured. In all the work so far undertaken at South Bend the principals have had the hearty but active co-operation of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In fact the terminal grounds already selected by the road was the one point that required more filling than any other space on the harbor. With the present work under way completed the Northern Pacific will have terminal facilities aggregating twenty-five acres in the city of South Bend. During the past summer it was decided to secure an additional sixty-five acres along the water front that it is expected will be needed for terminal facilities as the future growth of the town and the shipping interests will demand. Within the present month the Northern Pacific line at South Bend will be completed and connections made with the line of vessels now plying between South Bend and San Francisco and the line of steamers running between South Bend and Portland, and it will also open up rail communication between South Bend and all the Sound cities. A glance at a map of Washington will show South Bend to lie directly west of North Yakima, from which point a railroad line has been projected and partly surveyed through the Cowlitz Pass of the Cascade Mountains. South Bend is sixteen miles from the ocean and the harbor has no obstacles at the entrance or at any point up as far as the city. It would hardly be expected that any manufacturing worth mentioning would have been located there by this time, and yet the lumber industry is so well established that South Bend is to-day, and, with the immense timber resources back of it, always will be, a leading lumber point on the Pacific Coast. A tannin plant was constructed during the past year and is now in successful operation. It has a capacity of twenty barrels of tannin extract per day. The construction of the plant has been in careful hands and the work has been done with special reference to the material on hand to be manufactured into extract. Altogether there is not a point in the West that gives greater promise of a brilliant future than does South Bend. Aside from the interests the Northern Pacific Railroad has in the city as a terminal point the city's interests are in the hands of men of enterprise and wealth whose life work from now on will be to make South Bend what its location warrants it being made—one of the most important terminal and shipping points on the Pacific Coast. To quote from the very excellent article in *Harper's* for September, on Washington, that part of it that refers to South Bend will give a pretty fair idea of how South Bend is looked upon in the East.

A question which agitates the minds of many persons in Western Washington is whether it is possible for both Seattle and Tacoma—lying so

near one another as they do—to become great cities; and if not, which will eventually become the chief and gigantic seaport whose development is so confidently looked for. I wish I could say. Indeed, since everywhere that I travel I find these rivalries between neighboring cities (Bismarck and Mandan, Rapid City and Deadwood, Helena and Butte, and so on through the list, which rightly begins with St. Paul and Minneapolis), I find myself constantly wishing that I could postpone the publication of these numbers of *Harper's Magazine* for a trifling term of ten or a dozen years, so as to avoid this series of conundrums. In this case, in Western Washington, there is a little speck upon the horizon. It calls to mind the small black cloud that shows itself in all well-regulated nautical tales as the herald of frightful disaster. It may be a hurricane or only a teacupful of wind. It is called South Bend, and it now pretends to threaten great mischief to Seattle, Tacoma, and Fairhaven, along with all the other points on Puget Sound.

It is on the Pacific Coast, on the front of the Olympia Peninsula, only four hours from Portland by rail, and very much nearer to Asia, Nicaragua, and Europe by water than the sound ports. South Bend is a yearling, and where it rubs its juvenile eyes the map shows only the words Shoalwater Bay, but that, being a libellous name, is now changed to Willapa Harbor. It is fifty-seven miles north of Astoria, and is said to be a harbor of the first grade, variously credited with offering twenty-nine to thirty-two feet of water at the bar. It is the only generally useful harbor between the Columbia River and the strait of Juan de Fuca. South Bend is about to be connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad system. In the region tributary to it is an extraordinary wealth of timber and of agricultural lands. The founders of the town insist that if there is to be an export trade in Washington products, no other port in the State can compete with it, since vessels from Puget Sound ports must double the Olympia Peninsula before they reach the point at which South Bend shipments begin. South Bend is several hundreds of miles nearer to San Francisco, Nicaragua, and Cape Horn than any Puget Sound port. But it is too early to say more. The best possession of the new little seaport thus far is that essence which was deserted by all its companions in Pandora's box.

OBSERVATIONS IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.

The traveler in Eastern Washington meets many surprises. In these days we do not expect to find much prosperity amongst farmers. The Eastern visitor is particularly impressed with the evidences of prosperity and contentment found in the great agricultural districts of Washington. When we consider the area known as the Palouse Country, it is doubtful whether another region of equal extent and equal productiveness can anywhere be found. The rich, waving fields of grain, the fine fruits and excellent vegetables, pure air and water, are calculated to give health, wealth and happiness.

Nearly all old settlers are enthusiastic in praise of the country. Palouse farmers are a highly favored class; no crop failure has ever occurred. While low prices sometimes discourage, still, the farmers are becoming wealthy. Towns are springing up here as a consequence of the growth of the country; not boom towns, but towns with substantial support for enterprises.

The new town of Johnson is an instance of rapid and surprising growth. Ninety-five miles south of Spokane, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, we find an example of a town of rapid growth and bright prospects. The town is about one year old, has two stores, two blacksmiths, newspaper, bank, etc., etc., excellent school

and two or three church organizations. The town is located in the heart of the great Palouse Country and is supported mostly by prosperous farmers, many of whom are becoming wealthy. A considerable number were pointed out living in the vicinity who came to the country a few years ago and began with nothing and are now worth from \$10,000 to \$40,000, made by farming and the rise in value of land. We were surprised that no grist mill had yet been erected in Johnson, though the town is so new; two much should not be expected at once. With magnificent fields of wheat tributary on every hand and a growing town on the Northern Pacific Railroad surely here is an excellent opening. Homeseekers, capitalists and farmers who wish to know more of this highly favored region might correspond to advantage with Renwick W. Taylor, a prosperous citizen of the new town who is willing to give information.

Another surprising feature is the fine quality of fruit which can be produced here. In the same latitude of Northern Dakota and Minnesota we find cherries, plums, apples, pears, and, in some localities, peaches in great perfection and abundance. From the western slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean we find changed conditions—milder climate, volcanic formation of soil with inexhaustible fertility; in fact, a land of bright prospects, where enterprise and industry may reap a rich reward.

"HITCHED" IN A WAGON.

A rather odd wedding took place a few days ago at Colton, Wash. In a party of tourists, journeying from the coast up into Northern Idaho, by team, were a young man of eighteen years and a maiden of fifteen summers who were desirous of being "hitched," and arriving at Colton they hailed a preacher who married them on a license from Columbia County, but on consideration the minister concluded this was not legal, so the hero of the cloth got him a buggy and followed the couple, and upon overtaking them again, while they were standing under the wagon covering, and she was "a chewing of her bonnet string" pronounced them man and wife. The picture as presented to the mind of a witness was ludicrous indeed. He with overalls and ducking shirt, and a hay belt acting as suspenders. She with a calico dress—running string in the waist—and sunbonnet, making as odd a pair as Josh Billings ever saw.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

Advertisements under this head, three cents per word each insertion.

Minnesota Farm to Exchange for Dakota Land.—I have a farm, fifty under plow, good house and barn, two miles from railroad station, in Chicago County, Minn. Will sell for \$3,000 or exchange for first-class Dakota farm land. Geo. W. Smith, Wyoming Minn.

Montana Horse Ranch for Sale.—The celebrated Doncaster Ranch in Jefferson County, Montana, on which the great race horse Spokane was raised. 4,168 acres. Irrigating ditches, buildings, etc. 117 head of blooded stock, comprising 81 mares, 34 horses and 31 colts. A great bargain and a rare opportunity. Address Montana, care NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.

Sheep Land in North Dakota.—A section of excellent grazing land near Valley City, with spring of living water having a flow the year round sufficient for 3,000 sheep. \$5 an acre. Address Minnesota & Dakota Land and Investment Co., Mannheimer Block, St. Paul, Minn.

Farm Land near La Moure, N. D.—320 acres excellent wheat land, three miles from railroad and county seat town. Price \$1,000. Will sell in separate quarter sections. Five years' time on payments. Address S. Conday, NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.

Typewriter for Sale.—A nearly new No. 2 Remington in excellent condition. Price \$50. NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.

Attorney at Law.—Experienced, capable, thoroughly reliable; bright, intelligent, and a fluent speaker; references of bench and bar—desires a location in the far West, or to associate himself with lawyer of extensive practice. Address: Geo. P. Rowe, St. Joseph, Mo.



The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

Better than Saratoga.

Francis Murphy, during his stay in Helena, has paid many a compliment to Lissner's mineral water. During the course of the last meeting in his course of gospel temperance gatherings he paid the prettiest compliment. "I came here sore in every limb," he said, "after being in the Yellowstone accident I was full of pains, but that water took them all away. It's a fact. Some of you folks go to Saratoga and rave over the waters of that place and you have something better than Saratoga right here in your midst. It's a great water."

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 829 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

The Metropolitan Double-Tube Injector

The Hayden & Derby Manufacturing Company, of 111 Liberty Street, New York, has just brought out an im-

proved form of Double Tube Injector for steam boilers which has been designed to supply the demand for a high-class machine that is complete in detail and will meet the requirements of a great range of steam pressure, long lifts, hot feed water and under all conditions be thoroughly reliable. This injector is provided with an independent lifting and forcing apparatus. By this arrangement the firm has been able to produce an injector that will start on the lowest steam pressure and work up to the highest steam pressure without any adjustment of steam or water supply. It will take feed water at high temperatures as well as when it is cold. The independent lifting apparatus enables the machine to always lift the water and start at once, no matter how hot the injector or suction pipe becomes. These injectors work equally as well when attached to city pressure.

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

Francis Murphy's Report.

HELENA, MONT., Aug 20, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Lissner—It gives me great pleasure to state briefly the great benefit I have received from the use of the Lissner spring water. I have been for three years afflicted with kidney trouble, causing me intense pain. I have taken much medicine, with but little relief. I have used porous plasters. They gave me temporary relief. The severe pains in my back yet remained. I commenced the use of the spring water about five weeks ago and immediately got relief. I feel no more pains or aches, urinate with perfect freedom, and have every reason to believe I am entirely cured. With my whole heart do I thank you for this water of life. Yours, in haste,

FRANCIS MURPHY.

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

How to Hear.

"Did you ever notice how most people listen to a band?" asked a musician of a bystander at an evening park concert: "the biggest part of the hearers will crowd close as they can to the players, and actually seem disappointed because they cannot stick their heads in the big horn. I take it that the general public like noise better than music, else they would take up a position some way off." Music hath charms, and

they perchance think like the baldhead at the opera, the nearer the better. Imagine a drawing room parlor car, soft, sleepy hollow chairs, a charming and accomplished maid at a grand piano, or the strains of a sweet French music box while you are swiftly passing through nature's panorama. Such treats are in store for you. When traveling always select the Minneapolis & St. Louis Ry.; St. Paul and Minneapolis East, West or South. Information cheerfully furnished by C. M. Pratt, G. T. & P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Champion of the World.

What is it? The Smith Premier Typewriter, of course.

More Trains to Chicago.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE—C., St. P., M. & O. Ry. now offers new and better train service and with more comforts for travelers to the World's Fair City, as follows:

BADGER STATE EXPRESS (Daily) Leave Minneapolis 7:30 A. M., St. Paul 8:00 A. M., Eau Claire 11:00 A. M., Dinner in Dining Car and arrive Milwaukee 7:55 P. M., Chicago 9:35 P. M.

This train with Luxurious Parlor Cars gives a daylight ride through the most beautiful portion of Wisconsin affording a delightful panorama view the entire distance and reaching Chicago in ample time to connect with more night trains for the East and South than by any other line.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS (Ex. Sunday) Leave Minneapolis 5:00 P. M., St. Paul 5:35 P. M., Eau Claire 8:24 P. M., and arrive Chicago 8:00 A. M., connecting with early trains of the Chicago & Grand Trunk, Monon, Chicago & Alton, Illinois Central, Wabash and other lines.

This train has Palace Sleeping Cars with Buffet Service—Lunch served at any hour.

VESTIBULE LIMITED (Daily) Leave Minneapolis 7:30 P. M., St. Paul 8:10 P. M., Eau Claire 11:00 P. M., arrive Milwaukee 7:25 A. M., Chicago 9:30 A. M.

In arranging the time of this "Vestibule Limited" it is not made a fast running train, although consuming only 13½ hours St. Paul to Chicago, but it is timed for comfort, making but very few stops which gives long steady runs and with the handsomely furnished new and improved Sleeping Cars and lighted by gas together with the Breakfast Service in Dining Car before arriving in Chicago the trip is one of comfort and luxury unapproachable by any other line. Secure Tickets and Sleeping Car Accommodations via THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE, at following offices: 150 East Third Street, St. Paul. 13 Nicolet House Block, Minneapolis. 332 Hotel St. Louis Block Duluth.

COLFAX, Washington,

Is the county seat and geographical, commercial, social and political center of
WHITMAN COUNTY,
which comprises nearly all of the celebrated "PALOUSE COUNTRY."

WHITMAN COUNTY contains more good Farming Lands, more Schools, more Churches, more Mills, more Banks, more Newspapers, more good Towns, and more miles of paying Railroads, and **EXPORTS A GREATER QUANTITY AND VARIETY OF PRODUCTS THAN ANY COUNTY IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.**

This County now produces yearly **SEVEN MILLION BUSHELS OF CEREALS**, (most of which is exported) besides great quantities of Hay, Fruits and Vegetables, for which Spokane and the cities of Puget Sound and the mines of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho furnish good markets.

COLFAX has a magnificent Court House, costing \$150,000; three public school buildings—one just completed at a cost of \$30,000; also Colfax College with a competent academic corps of instructors; seven churches; three banks, with aggregate average statements of cash resources of \$1,200,000; one daily and three weekly newspapers, two foundries and machine shops, two flouring mills, two saw mills, several large general merchandise stores, three drug stores, two exclusive hardware stores, etc., etc. Colfax sells more agricultural implements than any retail town in America.

Electric Lights (arc and incandescent systems), water works, sewerage, fire department, paved streets, good sidewalks, etc., etc. A large new three-story brick hotel now being constructed. A Catholic Sisters of Charity hospital has been located here.

Colfax is the **LITTLE GIANT CITY** of the Northwest.

Its citizens are prosperous and liberal and will welcome men of energy and means who are seeking a favorable field for legitimate enterprises, or a home in a peaceful and thriving new community.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
SECOND NATIONAL BANK,
BANK OF COLFAX,
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
J. H. BELLINGER, ACTOR & BROWN,
HARRY CORNWELL, or THE MAYOR,

COLFAX, WASH.

PULLMAN, WASH.,

Situated in the Center of the Garden Spot of
THE FAMOUS PALOUSE COUNTRY.

It is a thriving business center of handsome brick blocks, spacious and well-stocked stores, beautiful residences, flourishing mills and factories, and is the great educational center of the State of Washington.

It has the State Agricultural College,

one of the largest and most important educational institutions in the State. The only military school in Washington, and the most beautiful and imposing public school buildings in the State. The city of Pullman is rich in resources, rich in good schools and Christian churches, good government and good credit. Its people are bold in enterprise, firm in purpose, liberal in supporting all public measures, moral in their lives, and warm in their hospitality.

THEY WELCOME GOOD PEOPLE FROM EVERY STATE AND FROM EVERY LAND.

There is no place in any State in the Union that offers a better field for honest endeavor or investment than Pullman.

IT IS REACHED BY TWO OF THE GREAT TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROADS,

the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific, and is growing faster than any city of its size in America.

PULLMAN IS THE CITY OF FLOWING WELLS,

it having nine artesian wells throwing their cold, clear streams of sparkling waters high into the air, forming fountains that for beauty rival the famed founts of Cashmere.

To one who is familiar with the situation it is no wonder that Pullman is a thriving, growing, rich city. Situated in the very heart of the great Palouse wheat country, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of acres of lands that yield from forty to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre;—in a country, too, where crops never fail, where wheat, barley, oats, flax, rye, all the grasses, fruits and berries thrive as nowhere else in the world, its prosperity is only natural.

Its famous Artesian Waters are the healthiest to be found on the American continent.

An estimate of the chief products of Whitman County, (of which the city of Pullman is one of the leading business centers) for 1891 places the grain product at 13,500,000 bushels, with wheat as chief factor at 10,750,000; barley, 1,250,000; oats, 800,000; flax, 500,000; rye, 200,000.

The money received for this grain added \$10,172,500 to the wealth of the county; for the average price last year was seventy-five cents a bushel for wheat; sixty cents for barley; eighty cents for oats; \$1 for flax and \$1.10 for rye, making \$8,062,500 for wheat; barley, \$750,000; oats, \$640,000; flax, \$500,000, and rye, \$220,000.

The opportunities for settlement and investment in the Palouse Country are numerous and the investor or settler finds sure and rich reward for all outlay of money or energy.

Capitalists will find here opportunities for doubling their wealth, while the manufacturer, the farmer, fruit grower, stock raiser and wool grower will find chances for advancement on the road to wealth before undreamed of.

For further particulars call on or correspond with any of the following reliable firms and business men of Pullman:

**Pullman State Bank,
Pullman Land and Investment Co.,
W. V. Windus,
W. G. Bragg,
Thos. Neill,
W. C. True,**

**McConnel, Chambers Co.,
Pullman Hardware Co.,
The Pullman Mercantile Co.,
Thos. W. Savage,
C. O. Morrell,
Pullman City Council.**

FINANCIAL.

MINNESOTA.

HENRY P. UPHAM, Pres't. E. H. BAILEY, Cashier.
C. D. GILFILLAN, Vice Pres't. WM. A. MILLER, Asst. Cash.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ST. PAUL, MINN.

United States Depository.
Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$900,000

DIRECTORS: H. P. Upham, I. B. Campbell, J. H. Sanders,
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THE CAPITAL BANK OF ST. PAUL,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

CAPITAL, - - - \$100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, - \$40,000

MONTANA.

[No. 1649]

First National Bank

HELENA, MONTANA.

United States Depository.
Paid up Capital, - - - \$500,000
Surplus, - - - 700,000

General Banking Business and Collections in the North-
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S. T. HAUSER, Pres't. E. W. KNIGHT, Cashier.
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GREAT FALLS,

The coming Great City of that Great State,
MONTANA.

No section in America has greater resources than
abound in and about this thriving young city. It has the
greatest available water power in the country. It is a
noted railroad centre. Rich and inexhaustible mines of
gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, etc., seam the mountains
adjacent. Almost unlimited coal measures, timber lands,
quarries of marble, sandstone, lime, etc., together with
the splendid cattle, horse and sheep ranges, make this a
coming empire of itself. Maps free. Investments made
here are sure and solid. Private letters of advice with
careful answers to all enquiries \$1.00. Address,

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The First National Bank,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Designated Depository and Financial Agents
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Capital and Surplus, - - - \$1,000,000.

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Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska,

North Dakota, South Dakota.

JAS. E. MOORE,

NORTHWESTERN LANDS,

Drake Block, St. Paul.

MANAGER: The St. Paul & Sioux City Land Co., The Prince Investment Co.
The Northwestern Town Lot Co.,

The splendid crops now being harvested in the Northwest will at once result in bringing in new
settlers, and prices of good, choice wild lands will soon advance. During the next three months
the choicest selections will be secured.

The lands embraced in my list offer the industrious farmer his finest opportunity, while for the
capitalist there is no safer investment for surplus funds, even if no immediate use be made of the
soil. To persons with small savings a well selected lot in one of the thriving towns of Minnesota, Iowa
or South Dakota will prove an absolutely safe and profitable investment. This section of the
Northwest has entered upon a career of great prosperity and rapid development.

An illustrated catalogue of seventy-five pages, containing a list of the tracts for sale in each
County and State, will be mailed to any address on application, and prices will be quoted on any
tract good for a limited period.

Lands and town lots will be sold on long time with easy payments. Special inducements offered
large investors.

JAS. E. MOORE, Northwestern Lands, Drake Block, St. Paul, Minn.

CONSERVATIVE.

RELIABLE.

FRANKLIN W. MERRITT,

201 and 202 Chamber of Commerce Building, - DULUTH, MINN.

Real Estate, Pine, Iron and Nickel Lands, Stocks and Bonds.

Private wire connections with New York, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
We want money to Loan at 8 and 10 per cent, with good securities.

IRON LANDS. We have the choicest list obtainable of some of the finest properties on the
MESABA AND VERMILLION RANGES, and if you are thinking of investing,
DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON US.

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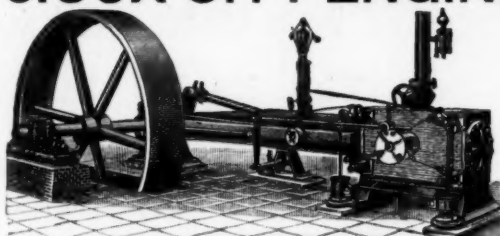
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THE SHEEP business has become an important industry in this county within the past two years and has yielded enormous profits. We have some fine pieces of land that are specially adapted to sheep raising, which can be bought for FOUR DOLLARS PER ACRE.

We negotiate and guarantee Loans which will net 8 per cent to investor; pay taxes and make investments for non-residents.

CLARK & BARCLAY, Valley City, N. D.

References: First National Bank, Valley City, N. D.; S. M. Swenson & Sons, New York; Grandin Bros., Bankers, Tidioute, Pa.

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It will be a water and coal station for the road. Elevators are now being built. This place will be the most convenient shipping point for four or five townships of good farming country.

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LANDS in the famous RED RIVER VALLEY, and in Cass and Barnes and other counties in the State. Sure to advance rapidly in value. Address

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Fine Wheat Sections,

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Smooth; surface, deep black loam, clay subsoil; excellent for steam plow and section farm; in good neighborhood and near market—that must be sold at once and at a great sacrifice.

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In North Dakota,	-	-	6,700,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	17,600,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	9,750,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

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These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly FROM \$1.25 TO \$6 PER ACRE

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a large amount of Government land lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption, and Tree Culture Laws.

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Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre. Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.00 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

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For Prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to WM. WAUGH, Gen'l Land Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

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A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts, and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A MONTANA MAP, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the districts covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests, and agricultural sections.

ALSO SECTIONAL LAND MAPS OF DISTRICTS IN MINNESOTA.

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(To 1892)

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BY E. V. SMALLEY.

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J. I. DONOHUE, ST. CLOUD, MINN.
(Late Special Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.)
Soldiers who served 90 days and were honorably discharged are entitled to from \$6 to \$12 a month no matter when disability was contracted. Widows and dependent parents are also entitled. Special attention given to old, rejected and increased claims, under old or new law. No fee unless successful. Write for circulars and blanks.



Wisconsin.

THE York iron furnaces have been secured by West Superior, after a three weeks' strife with half-a-dozen other lake cities for the prize. The furnaces, which have been operated for many years at Black River Falls, make five grades of pig iron for all purposes. The average product of eighty-five tons a day will be increased in the new plant, and 200 men will be employed at the start.

Minnesota.

THE Duluth & Iron Range Railroad is building a branch fifteen miles long to the Canton mine at the eastern end of the Mesaba Range.

THE St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, through its land department, is making an earnest effort to secure settlement along its line of road. There are plenty of fertile lands, at very low prices, and the efforts of the railroad, backed by land owners, should add largely to population and improved acres in Chisago and Pine counties.

ON the Duluth, Mississippi River & Northern grading has been completed on the first section of seventeen miles from Swan River, Minnesota, north, and tracklaying has been commenced. Surveys have been commenced for the next section of twenty-five miles and also for a six-mile branch, both of which are to be constructed this year. This is a road running from a junction with the Duluth & Winnipeg to the Mesaba Iron Range.

A MINNESOTA woman has just invented a self-threading needle to be used on sewing machines, and has refused several very handsome offers for her right in it. Her patent will be perfected soon, and at least two models sent to the exposition. A Duluth woman, however, has gone farther than that in inventing a street-sweeping machine which promises to supersede the clumsy apparatus at present in use; while from the country come reports of women who are working on plans for all sorts of household utensils.—*The North.*

THE quantity of wheat handled at Minneapolis for the crop year ended Aug. 31, once more eclipsed all records. The crop of the three States—Minnesota and the two Dakotas—was estimated at 150,000,000 bushels or over, and Minneapolis received about fifty per cent of it. In the year before, when the figures ran up to 52,151,665 bushels, it was supposed that the maximum had been attained; yet the season's work just closed goes 20,000,000 bushels better. Of this immense quantity of wheat, some 40,550,000 bushels were ground by the mills of the city.

THE eleventh annual volume of Polk's Directory of Duluth, just issued, shows 24,672 names, which, used with the multiplier of 2½, gives a population of 60,207 people. This includes West Duluth and Lakeside. The school population is placed at 5,600. The number of school houses is thirty-four, churches forty-one. The coal trade of last year amounts to 1,750,000 tons, and is estimated for season of 1892-93 at 2,000,000 tons. Graded streets are forty-three miles, paved, seventeen. The cost of street improvements for last year was \$1,288,000. The estimated expenditure for building for 1892 is estimated at \$5,000,000.

THERE has been great activity in Duluth of late in the matter of leasing iron mining properties, and a great many of the well-known iron and steel men of the country, such as Harry Oliver, P. B. Kimberley, the great assayer; Rattles of Cleveland, Nat Moore, P. Benjamin and others, have been here looking after properties to lease. Already a dozen mines have been leased with a minimum output of 1,500,000 tons per year, paying a royalty to lessees of nearly \$800,000 annually on the minimum output. Of this amount Lon Merritt, it is said, will get annually \$240,000; A. E. Humphreys, \$100,000, and the McKinley brothers and Hale about \$50,000 each.

AS the outcome of a talk between Gov. Merriam and Charles R. Rogers in March last, the latter visited Xenia, Ohio, and investigated the workings of the cordage factories there. He found them so successful that leading citizens there at once expressed a desire to invest in stock if it was proposed to establish a similar factory in St. Paul. Mr. Rogers was im-

pressed with the chances of such a factory in the Northwest that he set earnestly at work. The result was the organization of the Northwestern Cordage Company, with a capital stock of \$250,000. Such a reception did the new company meet that the stock is practically all taken, and a large force is already at work on the foundations of the new plant, which will be in operation by Jan. 1 next. The new works will give employment to about 400 people, and will be a very valuable addition to the manufacturing resources of St. Paul.

North Dakota.

THE Soldier's Home, erected by the State for the accommodation of the veterans in their declining years, was formally dedicated at Lisbon on the fourteenth of September. The grounds consist of eighty acres of beautifully wooded and rolling lands on the east side of the Sheyenne River. The building is a handsome two-story brick, 100x40, and cost \$14,000. The Home will not be open for the reception of soldiers until next February.

THE unprecedented demand for Walsh County land should have a tendency to make those who are so fortunate as to own any of it be loth to part with it. Walsh County land will be worth, on an average, fifty dollars an acre within five years, and during that time will be paying a big rate of interest on the money invested in it. *The News and Times* wishes to go on record as saying that money invested in Walsh County land now is sure to bring splendid returns.—*Grafton News and Times.*

THE Josephus Plenty Company has commenced the construction of a number of barges for the transportation of lignite coal down the Missouri River from its mines in Mercer County, some sixty miles north of Mandan. The barges are to be built from fir timber brought from the Pacific Coast. The mines are located on the bank of the Missouri River at one of the best harbors known to old river men. The company will attempt to ship coal this season, and expect to lay it down on the line of the Northern Pacific road at a cost of \$1.25 per ton, and to establish coal yards along the river to supply steamboats.

THE North Dakota World's Fair Commission have decided to erect on the grounds in Chicago a large frame two-story building, steel-clad, with sheaves of wheat in raised designs, the sheaves to be gilded and have a background of steel-gray. The building will be of modern architecture, convenient as well as commodious, a large assembly room, besides toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen and be provided with committee rooms, sick room and a post-office department. The interior of the building, instead of being caulked, will be decorated with flora, grains, grasses and woods, and the topography of the State will be shown. Not only will this be artistic and novel, but it will exhibit the products of the State in an attractive manner. One of the finest locations in Jackson Park has been selected for a site and from present indications, one may expect a grand exhibit from North Dakota and a comfortable and attractive headquarters in which to meet friends.

Montana.

HENRY VILLARD never said a truer thing than that with \$10,000,000 put into irrigation enterprises in the next ten years, there is no telling how populous, wealthy and great Montana may become. Great as are our mining possibilities it is yet true that we are destined to see our greatest development in the next decade, in agriculture.—*Helena Independent.*

IN a recent issue the *Inter-Mountain* says that the Butte mines are bigger, richer and more numerous and more productive than ever before in their history. The copper mines could produce 150,000,000 pounds of the red metal per year for an indefinite period without feeling the strain. There is enough copper ore in sight now to last all the smelters of Butte and Anaconda for fifteen years, and yet not one mine out of fifty is being developed in the district.

IT is now practically demonstrated that some of the finest bodies of coal to be found in the State lie within a very few miles of Castle. A vein of about five feet is exposed three miles south of town. About twelve miles east a vein of sixteen inches is opened at the surface. Sixteen miles south, Hensley, Rhoades & Co. have a vein now twelve feet thick, and further south are several locations owned by Bozeman parties. The coal field extends for twenty-five or thirty miles, and the quality of the product is pronounced by experts to equal if not exceed any other found in the State. The surveyed railroad lines run within a short distance of the mines.—*Castle Reporter.*

AT Crow Agency, Aug. 27, a new treaty was entered into between the Crows and the Government commissioners, by the terms of which nearly 3,000,000 acres,

ceded to the Government by a former treaty made last December, may now be thrown open to settlement immediately. Under the treaty of '91 settlers could not locate on any portion of the ceded lands until after all the locations by the Indians and half-breeds had been surveyed. More than three hundred of these locations were disputed, and there was no prospect of the land being thrown open for years. In the new treaty all the Indian locations are named and described, and will be excepted in the presidential proclamation. The sum of \$200,000 will be granted the tribe for irrigation purposes. All white settlers on the disputed strip retain their claims. Many thousand acres of choice farming lands are thus added to the Western land reserve for homestead entry.

Idaho.

CITIZENS of Kendrick, in rebuilding the burnt district, are erecting structures of brick. They do not intend to be caught napping by another fire.

CAMAS PRAIRIE is keeping up its wonderful record as a grain producer, wheat yielding this season from forty to sixty bushels to the acre. Neither the frosts of winter nor the heats of summer retard in the least the great productiveness of that rich section.

THE year 1892 is a notable year for Grangeville. Two banks, a flour mill, a saw mill and the location of the court house here by a vote of the people next November will make permanent and convenient trading points for all the people of all the county.—*Grangeville Free Press.*

A SYNDICATE has been formed to build a railroad from Weiser, Idaho, to the Seven Devils mining district, a distance of ninety miles. The road will be known as the Weiser & Northern. It is claimed that the shipments of ore from the Seven Devils will more than pay operating expenses from the start.

ALL indications point to a rapid railroad development for Central Idaho the coming year. It is a region rich in manifold resources and is a tempting Eldorado awaiting only the quickening touch of enterprise to develop its vast wealth, and this can only come with better railroad communications. Anyone who carefully studies the situation in Idaho to-day, and is at all conversant with its resources, cannot help but become an enthusiast regarding its future development. *Leviaton Teller.*

Oregon.

A VERY large deposit of kaolin has been found in the near vicinity of The Dalles, on the Oregon side of the Columbia. This alkaline earth when heated with pure sand and potash or soda, forms common glass. As sand, of the purest quality, is abundant in this vicinity, and the constituent alkaline earths are also found in abundance, there is no reason, with the amount of capital lying dormant in The Dalles, that a glass factory should not be inaugurated immediately.—*Dalles Mountaineer.*

Washington.

SPOKANE is to have an aluminum factory. Large beds of clay have been discovered containing fifty per cent of oxide of aluminum.

THE first extensive beds of glassmaking quartz on the Coast have been found in Washington near British Columbia, midway between Puget Sound and Idaho. Practical tests have been made, and practical use will be made of the find.

IN addition to the dry-dock improvements at Port Orchard, according to L. T. Merry, one of the engineers, there will be extensive improvements in the naval station at that point. The tract embraces about 100 acres on the south of the Government reservation, which is to be laid out in walks and drives, a bandstand, pavilion, and such accommodations as are necessary for permanent quarters for troops and marines; a parade ground and marine barracks, offices and quarters for the station officials, storehouses, residences for the officers, and a Government cemetery. The improvements, aside from that appropriated for the dry dock, are estimated to cost about \$300,000.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

A RAMBLE through the yards of the Northern Pacific Railroad beyond the Headquarters building will cause every true-blue Washingtonian to feel most proud of his native or adopted State, as the case may be. He will see there twenty cars loaded with timber of prodigious size, smaller timber, planks and boards, all cut in Washington forests, sawed at Washington mills, and to be sent to Chicago as the product of Washington to become part of the Washington building at the World's Fair. As these cars go overland by special train, each car bearing flaming cloth posters and the words, "Material for the Washington Building, World's Fair, All Donated by Washington Lum-



WHOLESALE GROCERY HOUSE OF GRIGGS, COOPER & CO., ST. PAUL.

The above illustration gives a very comprehensive idea of the big building occupied exclusively by the great wholesale grocery house of Griggs, Cooper & Co., St. Paul. The firm is now better prepared than ever to handle the immense business it has built up in the Northwest.

bermen," they cannot fail to attract attention. Some of the timber and other material was got out at Gray's Harbor, some at Seattle, some by the Tacoma Mill Company, and there is more to come from other mills. —*Tacoma Ledger*.

An endeavor is being made at Wallula to raise a bonus of 1,000 acres of land for a company which will construct an irrigating canal capable of watering 11,000 acres near that point. The land is at present worthless, but with water upon it will produce the finest quality of vegetables. It is proposed to take the water from the Walla Walla River about three miles above Wallula and it will be discharged into the Snake River at its mouth. The estimated cost will be about \$65,000. Almost 800 acres have already been promised, and the outlook is most favorable for the consummation of the plan.

THAT Yakima is a wonderful country, there can be no denial; but surprises are constantly cropping out that startle even the old timers. This spring Dr. W. F. Morrison planted fifteen acres to hops, and not wishing to go to the heavy expense of poling them the first season he sowed the fields to Russian sunflowers, for the support of the young hop vines, and now the doctor finds that he not only has a pretty fair crop of hops, but he is preparing to harvest the sunflowers, which he estimates will yield over 100 bushels of seed. The stalks are like young trees, and it would be difficult to crowd some of the heads into a flour barrel. —*Yakima Herald*.

THERE was filed in the auditor's office of Pacific County last month, a warranty deed transferring the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad to the United Railroads of Washington. There was a mortgage filed about one year ago in favor of the United Railroads of Washington, covering all the roads owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and all prospective routes. The prospective routes in Lewis County were from Chehalis to South Bend, and from South Bend to some point on the Columbia River. The transfer of the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad above referred to is the road that is now being constructed from Chehalis to South Bend. —*Yakima Herald*.

THERE is a feature in the development of the Monte Cristo mines that has not its parallel in the history of mining enterprises. On the strength of the showing made by less than 300 feet of tunnels, covering some twenty or more miles, none of the tunnels at the time being more than fifty feet in length, a sum of \$3,000,000 is being expended, and all of which must be expended before a dollar of returns can be had. On its face this is, perhaps, as wild and hazardous a venture of enormous capital as any of the wild and hazardous schemes born of the mining fever. But in reality it is far from that. The Monte Cristo enterprise was of such a nature that it could be carried out only with large capital. A railroad had to be built and heavy expenditures made before the mines could be profitably operated. On the other hand, it is enough to say of the richness of the showing made that the present enterprise has been undertaken by practical mining men on the one side and experienced business men on

the other, and this after the most searching examination by mining experts. Six principal companies are now operating in this district. What is known as the Colby-Hoyt syndicate is largely the interest which is building the Everett & Monte Cristo Railway. Made up of men of large incomes, this syndicate has back of it practically unlimited capital. —*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

THE people of Ellensburg and vicinity formally celebrated the beginning of work on the Kittitas Valley irrigating canal recently. Business was suspended in the afternoon and appropriate exercises, consisting of speaking, music, breaking of bottles of wine on the first shovel of dirt, etc., indulged in. The final location of the canal is now being made, and work will be actively going on all along the line in the next two weeks. As the result of a new survey, the water supply will be at Lake Kachees instead of Lake Cle-Elum, as originally intended. This will make the canal over eighty miles long. It will be about fifty feet wide at the head and ten feet deep, and will water all the arid lands in the valley. The latest improvements known in irrigation engineering will be adopted, and J. H. Wells, who is managing the work, promises to have the canal completed before June 1st.

Canadian Northwest.

ESTEVAN, the new Manitoba coal field city, the terminus of the C. P. R.'s Souris branch, the junction of the Soo line, and mounted police headquarters, is being boomed after the good old fashion. About \$26,000 worth of lots were sold the first week. Business lots, 25x120, brought \$200, and corner lots \$300. Residence lots, double this size, sell for \$190 and \$150.

THE opening of the new electric railway on Main Street, Winnipeg, was regarded by the citizens as an auspicious event in the progress of the city. The first car to run over the line made its trip September third, but the formal opening did not take place until the following Monday afternoon, when the car's appearance in front of the City Hall was made a signal for a general expression of satisfaction by the people, with speeches and cheers. One of the speakers remarked that he remembered the time not twenty years ago, when the very spot on which the car was standing was the site of a small wooden bridge spanning a deep ravine. It is now the heart of the city. —*The Colonist*.

WORK is being actively prosecuted on the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway this season, fully 500 men being at work. The track is now laid for nearly the whole distance from Port Arthur to the Canadian terminus at Gunflint Lake, a distance of eighty-five miles. Very promising beds of iron ore are known to exist both on the Canadian and American (Ontario and Minnesota) sides of the international boundary, and the railway will undoubtedly be extended into Minnesota in order that the American ores may be brought in bond via Port Arthur for transshipment to the ore ports of Cleveland and Ashtabula via the Great Lakes. It is likely the Canadian portion of the railway will be completed early in October. —*Winnipeg Western World*.

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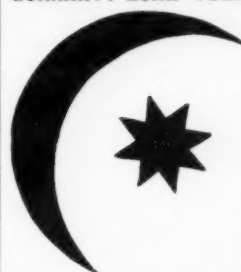
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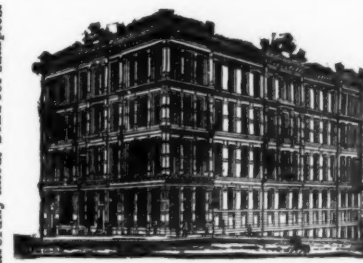
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AN IDIOT FROM IDIOTVILLE.

He was a very tired looking-man. Dejection was written on every line of his face, and as I was a stranger in the village, with nothing to do and no one to talk to, I relieved my pent-up spirits by expressing my sympathy with him in his troubles, whatever they were.

"Thanks," he said. "My chief trouble seems to be that I am an idiot from Idiotville, and that is incurable. I just got into a braggin' match with a stranger up in the post-office. He bet he was richer'n I was and I took him up, just for a bluff. I told him everything I had an' more too, and after while he gave in, sayin' as how he wouldn't have thought it. Then I said I'd swear to it, 'n' he said all right, an' I did, an', by thunder, who do you suppose he was?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Who?"

"The tax assessor!" he moaned. It certainly was a case of hard luck.

WHICH ALTERED THE CASE.

Socialistic Mob—"Bring him out! Hang him! down with monopoly!"

Inventor (putting his head out

of the window)—"Goodness me! What does this mean?"

Mob Spokesman—"You moost die! Ve hear you invent a machine vot do de work of von hoon-dret men. You take breat out of dere mouths, and—"

Inventor—"This machine of mine is an attachment for breweries and it will bring beer down to one cent a glass."

Mob (wildly)—"Hooray! Dot is different."

A MYSTERY.

"Paw, how wide is the Mississippi River?"
"In some places, my son, it is now ten or twenty



A SENSIBLE PRESCRIPTION.

"For some time past, doctor, I have felt miserable. I have no appetite and what I eat don't seem to taste good. My husband has the same trouble. It can't be the fault of the food for I prepare it myself. Can you not prescribe something?"

"Certainly, madam; I would prescribe a cook."

miles wide." "And how wide is a railroad track, paw?" "Four or five feet. Why do you ask?" "Cause the fellers that made this X, Y. and Z. railroad map have got it just the other way."

THE SPIRIT HAD GONE.

"Who's there?" shouted the occupant of a hotel bedroom as he heard a noise in the corner of his room.

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I will try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify the same by saying ay—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, it will please rap three times."

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother-in-law?"

Three very distinct raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me any communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps are very loud in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

He waited long for an answer, but none came, and he turned over and fell asleep.

Next morning he found the "spirit" of his mother-in-law had carried off his watch and purse, his trousers, and his great coat.

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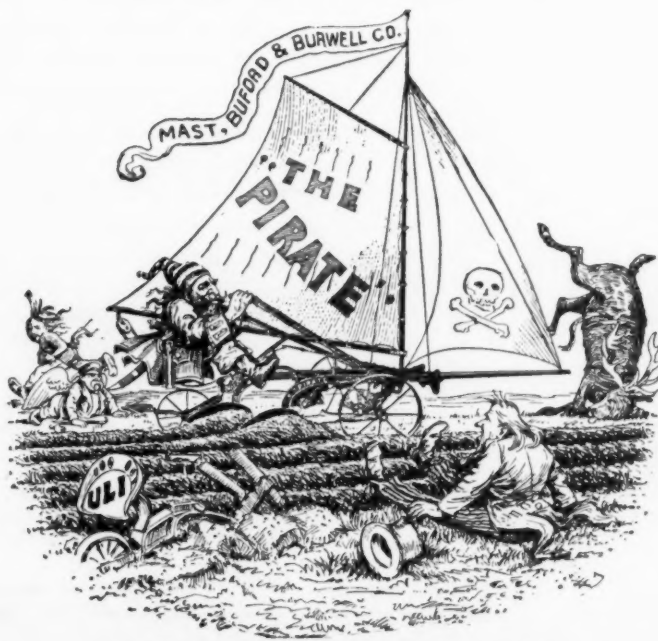
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Pirate Gangs and Sulkies.

South Bend, Washington.

Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

SOUTH BEND, the seaport of WILLAPA HARBOR, is the terminus of the Yakima and Pacific Coast Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad now under construction to be completed from Chehalis to SOUTH BEND this year.

The Geographical position, tributary resources and natural advantages of SOUTH BEND, and its direct rail communication with the timber, coal and wheat of Washington insure its becoming one of the leading seaports of the Pacific Coast.

Government Charts show 29 feet of water over the bar of WILLAPA HARBOR at high tide, while the towing distance to the wharves at SOUTH BEND is only 16 miles against 140 on Puget Sound and 116 on the Columbia River from Portland, Oregon.

The extraordinary growth and development of the Puget Sound cities will be duplicated at SOUTH BEND, and parties seeking new locations for manufacturing or business enterprises or a field for investment will do well to investigate further and communicate with

THOMAS COOPER, General Manager,
Northern Land and Development Company,
SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.

DENVER ADDITION TO SOUTH BEND.

There are many prosperous and growing towns in Washington, but none whose future is more bright than the city of South Bend on Willapa Harbor, 16 miles from the Pacific Ocean and the ocean terminus of the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad.

The Addition is level, sloping gently back, and contains the best of both business and residence property in South Bend to-day. The west line of the addition is within three blocks of the new \$75,000 Willapa Hotel.

Broadway is planked through the addition and other streets are soon to be improved in the same manner. Streets are 66 feet wide and Avenues 80 feet. Julian Ralph writes in the September (1892) number of Harpers' Monthly about South Bend, as follows:

"It is on the Pacific Coast, on the front of the Olympia Peninsula, only four hours from Portland by rail, and very much nearer to Asia, Nicaragua and Europe by water than the Sound ports. South Bend is a yearling, and when it rubs its juvenile eyes the map shows only the words Shoalwater Bay, but that, being a libelous name, is now changed to Willapa Harbor. It is 57 miles north of Astoria. It is the only generally useful harbor between the Columbia River and the Strait of Juan De Fuca. South Bend is about to be connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad system. In the region tributary to it is an extraordinary wealth of timber and of agricultural lands. The founders of the town insist that if there is to be an export trade in Washington products, no other port in the State can compete with it, since vessels from Puget Sound ports must double the Olympia peninsula before they reach the point at which South Bend shipments begin. South Bend is several hundreds of miles nearer to San Francisco, Nicaragua and Cape Horn than any Puget Sound port."

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Pacific Railroads.

The Head of Navigation and the
Wheat Shipping Point of
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The Wholesale and Manufactur-
ing Center of the Pacific
Northwest.

LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING EVIDENCES OF ITS GROWTH:

Population in 1880, 720}

{Population in 1891, 50,000

Assessed value of property, 1882.....	\$75,000
Assessed value of property, 1888.....	\$7,729,625
Assessed value of property, 1891.....	\$32,495,619
Real estate transfers, 1886.....	\$667,355
Real estate transfers, 1888.....	\$8,855,598
Real estate transfers, 1890.....	\$14,720,858
Real estate transfers, 1891.....	\$10,663,297
Number of Banks, 1880.....	1
Number of Banks, 1891.....	23
Bank clearings, 1889.....	\$25,000,000
Bank clearings, 1890.....	\$43,420,448
Bank clearings, 1891.....	\$49,752,170
Wholesale business, 1889.....	\$9,000,000
Wholesale business, 1891.....	\$16,250,000
Money spent in building improvements, 1891.....	\$1,718,173
Money spent in street improvements, 1891.....	\$75,000
Money spent by Northern Pacific Railroad and The Tacoma Land Company in terminal improvements from 1887 to 1889.....	\$1,506,000
Money spent by Northern Pacific Railroad and The Tacoma Land Companies for 1891.....	\$1,400,000
Coal shipped, 1889.....(tons)	56,390
Coal shipped, 1889.....(tons)	180,940

Coal shipped, 1890.....(tons)	236,617
Coal shipped, 1891.....(tons)	195,000
Hop crop, 1881.....(bales)	6,095
Hop crop, 1890.....(bales)	50,000
Lumber exported, 1889.....(feet)	107,320,280
Lumber exported, 1890.....(feet)	150,735,000
Lumber exported, 1891.....(feet)	139,920,000
Wheat shipped, 1881.....(bushels)	55,366
Wheat shipped, 1890.....(bushels)	3,509,096
Wheat shipped, 1881, September to December 15.....(bushels)	2,367,226
Flour shipped, 1890.....(barrels)	86,521
Flour shipped, 1891, September 1 to December 15.....(barrels)	44,033
Number of public school buildings, 1890.....	9
Number of public school buildings, 1891.....	14
Number of pupils in public schools, 1890.....	3,045
Number of pupils in public schools, 1891.....	4,044
Total miles of graded streets, 1891.....	98
Total miles of streets paved or plankd, 1891.....	7½
Total miles of sewers built, 1891.....	41
Total miles of street railway, 1891: electric, 27; cable, 2; suburban, 50.....	81
Total shingle output, 1891.....	425,000,000
Total smelter output, 1891.....	\$856,133

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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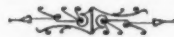
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N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building.

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A JULEP WITHOUT ICE.—Speaking of mint juleps reminds me of a story Mr. McNamee of the land office of the Northern Pacific tells of himself. With a companion he was hunting in the mountains of Tennessee. Coming to a cabin bearing the sign saloon they entered. In front was a patch of mint. The keeper was asked if he could make a mint julep. He said that he

could and at once began to set out the ingredients. He mixed the sugar, mint and whiskey and was putting on the finishing touches when McNamee's friend said, "Where's the ice?" The barkeeper placed his hands on his hips, and with arms akimbo exclaimed: "Who in h— ever heard of ice in Tennessee in July?" The julep was drunk without further ado.—*Fargo Argus.*

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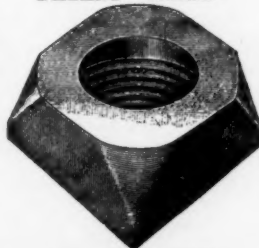
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A Kansas newspaper man wrote a communication to a rival editor calling him an ass, and then signed it, "yours fraternally."

Baldheaded Customer (in barber shop)—"I want a hair cut."

Affable Barber—"Yes, sir; which hair?"

FIRMLY FIXED.—Mr. Oldman (to Mrs. O.).—"It seems to me that that young Toney Knob in the drawing-room is a long time saying 'Good-night.' The last train will be gone." Little Freddy: "He can't go, pa. Sister's sitting on him."

Rev. Dr. Wilgus—"It ought to bring the blush of shame to your cheek, brother Gotrox, to hear it said (as it often is, and alas! too truthfully, brother Gotrox!) that the poor are the most charitable."

"I never looked at it in that light. I have noticed though, that the really charitable usually are poor."



HE WAS MISUNDERSTOOD.

New Servant—"There is one thing I do not like in this house."

Mrs. Gayboy—"What is that?"

Servant—"Your husband. He always chucks me under the chin and calls me his pet."

Mrs. Gayboy—"You must not pay any attention to that. He treats me in the same way. He really doesn't mean anything by it."

Actor Friend (inquiring at boarding house—"Has Mr. Comedy taken his departure yet?" "Yes," snapped the landlady, "but that's all he did take; I've got his wardrobe."

Rev. Dr. Fourthly—"Has your husband kept unspotted from the world, Mrs. Breezy?"

Mrs. Breezy—"Oh, yes; I'm the only one who is thoroughly onto him."

He rode to the races and bet on the black,

The horse of whom every one talked;

When the races were over he didn't ride back;

He walked.

Young Minister—"I have been praying for you for a long time, Miss Dora."

Dora (astonished)—"Why didn't you let me know it? I'd have been yours after the first prayer."

"Doctor, when do you think a man weighs most?" asked a patient who was undergoing a course of dietary treatment.

"When he steps on my corns," answered the doctor.

"So you enjoyed your visit to the Zoological Gardens, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Yes, sir! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looked exactly like you when you are reciting poetry at evening parties."

Undertaker—"And what kind of trimming will you have on the coffin?" Widow: "None whatever—a plain coffin. It was trimmings that killed him."

"What?" "Yes, delirium trimmings."

"Man's religion," says Uncle Moses, "shouldn't be worn like a cloak—all on de outside. It orter be mo' like a porous plaster. De world may not see it, but de man knows it's dar, an' his family knows it's dar an' a-doin of him good."

Asker—"I have seen Dr. Gouger call two or three times lately at old Nugget's house. Do you know what he is treating him for?"

Tasker—"Certainly. He is treating him for stamps—for what he can make out of him."

Neighbor—"How de do, my little man? I hear your father has come into a fortune. Are you not glad?"

Little Man—"No'm, I'm orful sorry."

"Dear me! Why?"

"Cause he says now I've gotter be educated."

They had only been married a short time. The other day she slung her arm around him and warbled in a low, tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus, that now we are only one?"

"No," replied the brute. "I can't realize it. I have just paid a millinery bill and a lot more of your bills, with several outside tradesmen to hear from; so I am beginning to realize that, as far as expense goes, instead of being one we are about half a dozen."

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want to go into manufacturing, or mining, or gardening, or dairying, or if you want to loan money or make general investments, come to Spokane. The East is flooded with advertisements of ambitious young cities west of the Rocky Mountains that are without surrounding resources.

Investigate before you act. Do not waste your money on worthless town lots. Learn the exact facts by correspondence or personal observation. The best way is to make a visit to this country and see for yourself. It will pay you to do so, for here you will find a new and wonderful world.

Stop at Spokane. Nothing would please us so well as to have our friends in the East come out and see this beautiful city and its surrounding country. You can reach Spokane by the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, or Canadian Pacific.

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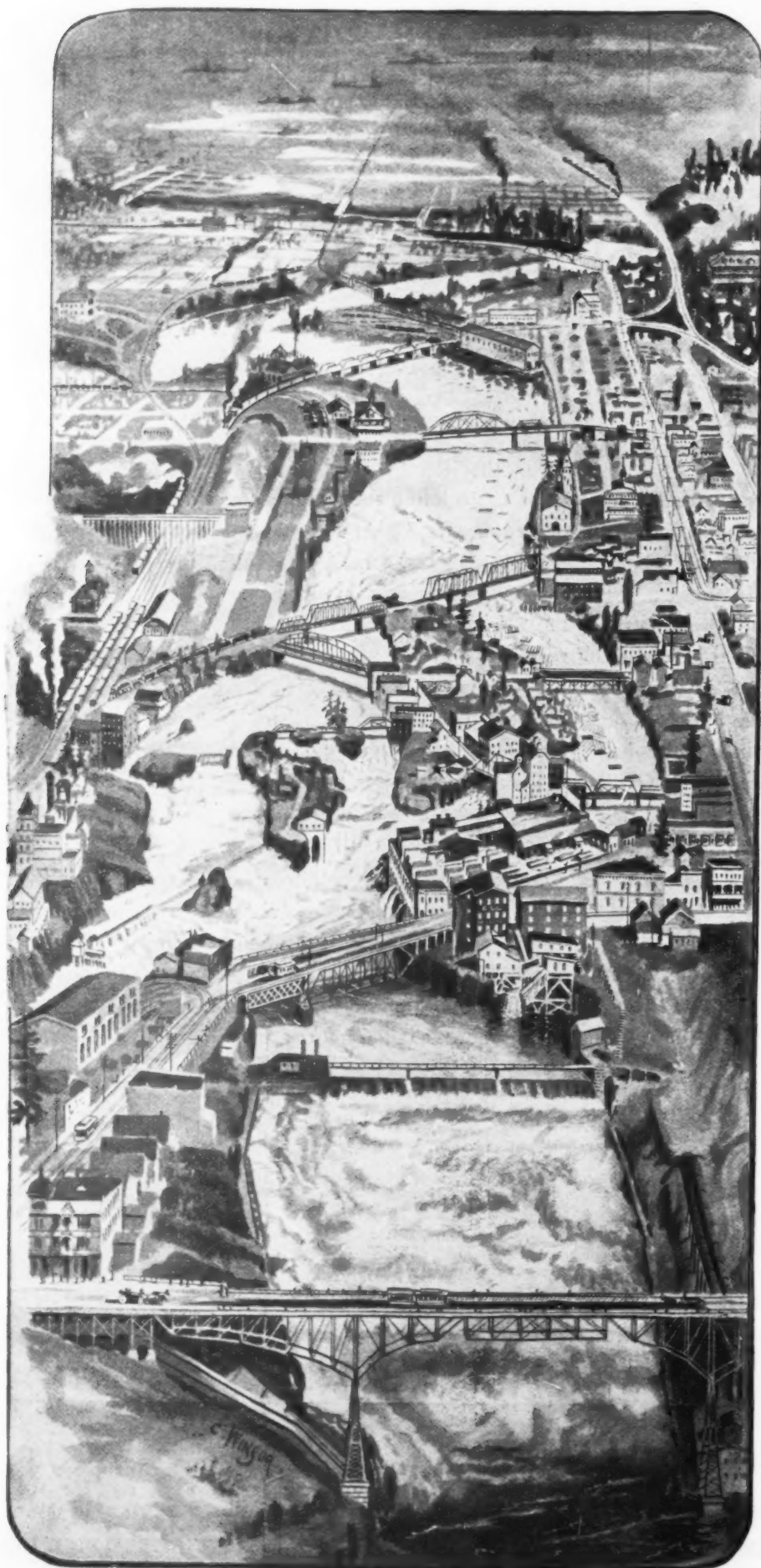
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BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE FALLS AND FACTORIES, SPOKANE.—Copyright by L. C. Dillman.

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and the choicest residence property in any part of the city, as well as all the Town Sites on the line of the Great Northern Railway between Kalispell, Montana, and the Pacific Coast.

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Newport, Wash., located in the Metaline mining district, and the head of navigation on the Pend d'Oreille River, with magnificent water-power, in a lumber district unequalled in the Northwest.

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